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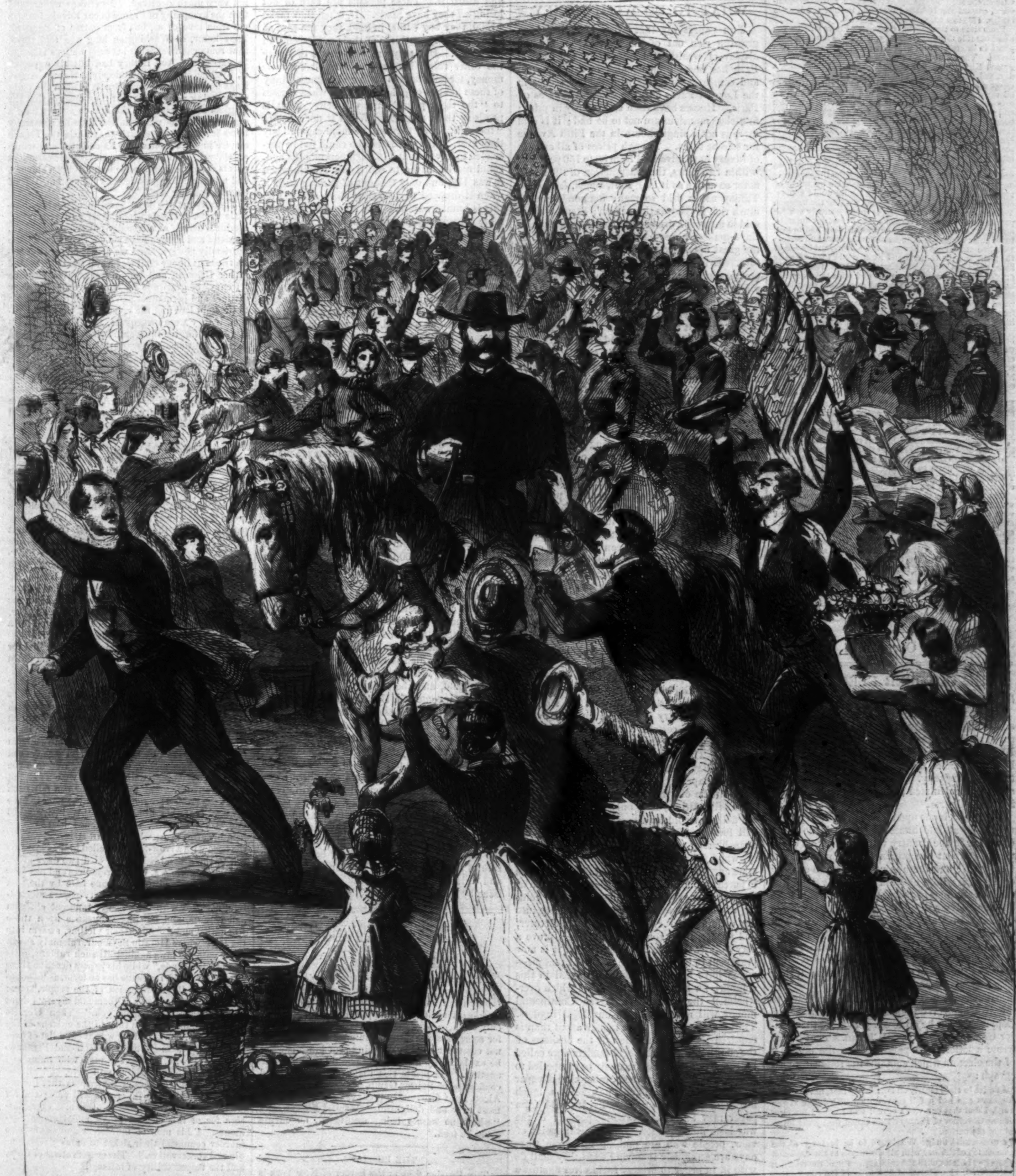


THE WAR IN EAST TENNESSEE—RECEPTION OF GENERAL BURNSIDE BY THE UNIONISTS OF KNOXVILLE.—[See next Page.]

THE OLD FLAG IN EAST TENNESSEE.

On page 673 we illustrate one of the most interesting scenes of the recent campaign, namely, THE WELCOME TENDERED TO GENERAL BURNSIDE BY THE UNIONISTS OF EAST TENNESSEE when he entered Knoxville. It seems to have almost overpowered our brave troops. The Albany *Evening Journal* publishes the following letter from a son of Senator Harris, who was with Burnside:

> HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE OHIO, KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE, *Sunday, September* 6, 1863.
>
> MY DEAR FATHER,—Our troops entered this place on the 2d inst., without opposition on the part of the rebels, who fled at our approach. A rapid march of 250 miles over mountain roads, made with artillery, infantry, and cavalry, was deemed next to impossible by the rebel General Buckner, and before he was aware of it our columns were precipitating themselves down the southern slopes of the mountains, with trains of supplies following almost at a trot. It was the most beautiful march of the war. We were surprised at it—the rebels still more so—they did not know where to look for us, and as we came upon them by several different roads, they overestimated our force, magnifying it to an army of from 60,000 to 100,000 men, and, without the slightest attempt at resistance, retreated southward, crossed the Holsten River, and burned the London bridge, 1800 feet long, to prevent pursuit.
>
> From time to time during our march I have written you about our ride through Kentucky, but it was not to be compared in interest to that which we made through East Tennessee. The country is wild and unsettled until you approach Knoxville. We marched from 25 to 30 miles a day, and slept at night sometimes under a tent, sometimes under a fly, and once we bivouacked in a rain that wet us all through. General Burnside had not so much as an over-coat, but with his saddle for a pillow he lay down and we followed suit. I was fortunate enough to have my horse-blanket and the cape of my over-coat. We were so tired that we slept like bricks, as we did every night, and the first thing I saw the next morning was the General making a fire and every one of the Staff still asleep around him.
>
> As we approached the settled part of the country we were greeted every where with shouts for the Union, cheers for the old flag, and the most unmistakable evidences of loyalty. At every house the entire family would appear, often with buckets of fresh water and fruit for the welcome Yankees, and some of the people would scarcely ask for pay for the forage which we had seized to feed our animals, although the corn we had taken was all they had to look to for their winter's food. Sometimes the Stars and Stripes would be carried out to the gate of the door-yard by one of the girls, and the General and Staff would take off their hats, while the escort following gave three cheers. Old gray-haired men would come out and seize the General's hand, bidding him God-speed, and men would flock in at every halt to be armed and join us. The sufferings of these people have been terrible. I have seen them come from the caves of the mountains, where they have been hiding from the rebels for months.
>
> I have seen widows and orphans whose husbands and brothers and fathers have been murdered because they were Union men—*no other crime* being alleged. All kinds of atrocities have been committed. Death in the most horrid forms has been visited upon every man who dared show himself, in this part of the country, unarmed in the rebel cause.
>
> "Glory be to God, the Yankees have come!" "The Flag's come back to Tennessee!" Such were the welcomes all along the road, and as we entered Knoxville it was past all description. The people seemed frantic with joy. I never knew what the *Love of Liberty* was before. After two years of servitude under the most tyrannical despotism, they now hold up their heads and thank God they are free. The old flag has been hidden in mattresses and under carpets. It now floats to the breeze at every staff in East Tennessee. Ladies wear it—carry it—wave it! Little children clap their hands and kiss it.
>
> Can you imagine the effect of this on me? Suppose you walked down street, after riding 250 miles on horseback, with a sabre on one side and a pistol on the other, and every man, woman, and child would bow to you with a glad smile of welcome, or shake hands with you and say God bless you? I could go on much longer, but I can't do justice to the subject. My heart is so full, and I am so thankful to Almighty God for this bloodless and yet glorious victory, that I will not attempt to say any more on the subject.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1863.

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

THE scattering returns which have thus far come in from the elections in Pennsylvania and Ohio render it probable that Governor Curtin has been re-elected over Woodward by some 10,000 to 15,000 majority, and that John Brough has been elected over Vallandigham by 50,000 to 75,000 majority. We think the full returns are rather calculated to increase than to diminish these figures.

The result is one upon which every true patriot may congratulate himself. There is no State Governor in the country whom the nation could worse spare at the present crisis than Andrew G. Curtin; and there is no man in the country or out of it whose election by a great State like Ohio to an office of power and trust, would have been so heavy a discouragement to loyal men as Clement L. Vallandigham. His defeat and Curtin's election will probably give the death-blow to Copperheadism, and will convince the ambitious demagogues of the "peace party" that they must try some other road to fortune if they desire popular favor.

An attempt was made at the last moment to relieve Judge Woodward from the charge of Copperheadism by no less a personage than Major-General George B. M'Clellan. That officer wrote a letter to be published on the morning of the election which contains the following paragraph:

> I desire to state clearly and distinctly that, having some few days ago had a full conversation with Judge Woodward, I find that our views agree; and I regard his election as Governor of Pennsylvania called for by the interests of the nation.
>
> I understand Judge Woodward to be in favor of the prosecution of the war with all the means at the command of the loyal States until the military power of the rebellion is destroyed. I understand him to be of the opinion that while the war is urged with all possible decision and energy, the policy directing it should be in consonance with the principles of humanity and civilization, working no injury to private rights and property, not demanded by military necessity and recognized by military law among civilized nations; and, finally, I understand him to agree with me in the opinion that the sole great objects of this war are the restoration of the unity of the nation, the preservation of the Constitution, and the supremacy of the laws of the country.

The people would feel obliged to General M'Clellan if he would be more definite in his charges, and specify those portions of the policy of Government which he deems not "in consonance with the principles of humanity and civilization;" and those acts which lead him to believe that the President has other "objects" in the prosecution of the war than "the restoration of the unity of the nation, the preservation of the Constitution, and the supremacy of the laws." For, in the absence of specific charges and statements of fact, the people regard these vague insinuations as a mere veil to hide hostility to the war itself. Hence, they vote Mr. Woodward out of Court pretty decisively, notwithstanding the indorsement of his military friend.

WHAT TO DO WITH MONEY.

THE papers say that every body has been growing rich out of the war. Certainly the display of wealth and fashion in the Central Park has never been equaled in this country, and compares favorably with similar scenes in the London Parks and the Champs Elysées of Paris. Houses have risen enormously in price; first-class mansions are not to be had; it is said there is not a single house in the Fifth Avenue for sale or to let. Though prices of all articles of luxury have advanced from 50 to 150 per cent. within two years, the consumption of them was never so active as it is. Ball, Black, & Co. and Tiffany never sold so many diamonds and so much rich jewelry as this season; Stewart never sold so many silk dresses and laces; the great carriage-makers never built so many carriages, or the great upholsterers so much expensive furniture. Evidences of increasing wealth and increasing extravagance meet even the most unobserving eye at every turn; and it must be true, as the papers say, that some people, at all events, are growing rich out of the war.

Nor could it be otherwise. The Government of the United States has issued $400,000,000 of legal-tender money, which is in circulation, and is preparing to issue as much more. The Banks have increased their circulation likewise from $135,000,000 to probably $175,000,000, and new Banks are being authorized under Mr. Chase's Act, which will presently issue $300,000,000 more. This is besides $150,000,000 of three-year United States notes, bearing 7.30 interest; over $200,000,000 of 6 per cent. certificates of indebtedness, maturing in twelve months; nearly $100,000,000 of twenty-year 6 per cent. bonds; about $100,000,000 of 5 and 6 per cent. certificates of deposit; and about $275,000,000 of 6 per cent. bonds payable in twenty years and redeemable in five. This latter class of securities, not being currency, can not fairly come under the head of paper-money; though, as they are really paper, deriving its value from the confidence reposed in its maker, they are in effect an addition of just so much as they sell for to the apparent wealth of the nation, and contribute perhaps not less than the actual legal-tender notes to the pending inflation, and to the general development of commerce, industry, and prosperity.

This development has not been without its drawback. Gold has risen to 156, and may go still higher. It is probable that the stock of gold in the country is being diminished by export, and it is certain that hoarding has very largely diminished the stock which is offered in market. Thus the money which people make in these days, under the influence of copious issues of paper, is not the money they used to make in the old times when gold was par, but an inferior article, now only worth 75 cents to the dollar in gold, and possibly destined to fall still lower. The memorable examples of the French assignats and our own Continental money, which became valueless, and of the Confederate currency, of which it now takes ten dollars to purchase one gold dollar in Richmond, warn us that this money which speculators are now coining so fast, and which is flowing so freely into the coffers of every merchant, manufacturer, and farmer, may, some time or other, prove a very different article from that which it is now presumed to be. There are excellent reasons—which have been heretofore mentioned in this column—for believing that the fate which overwhelmed the assignats and the Continental money will never overtake our legal tenders. Thus far, there is no more money afloat than is required for the transaction of the business of the country; and if the legal tenders were called in, commerce would of necessity be compelled to substitute in their place some other kind of paper wherewith to make exchanges. But a much larger difference than now divides gold from paper may fairly be feared—especially if the war lasts much longer. And, in this point of view, people who are making money in these days are anxiously inquiring what they shall do with it, in order to protect themselves against a heavy depreciation hereafter.

For some time past there has been throughout the country an active consumption of railway stocks and bonds. It was always possible, in the old times, for a shrewd man to buy these securities so as to get 8 or 9 per cent. on his investment. Now it is hardly possible to buy any safe railway property which will yield over six per cent. on the investment, so thoroughly has the market been swept of the best class of bonds and stocks, and so enormous has been the amount of money seeking investment. A man who invests money in a good railway stock or bond, at the present time, must be content with six per cent. interest, *that interest payable in paper-money*. The same remark will apply to sound City, County, and State Bonds.

Real estate will yield still less. In the large cities houses and lots have advanced materially of late, and speculation in land has again broken out at the West. Allowing for the heavy amount of taxation which this kind of property will have to bear hereafter, it is questionable whether, on the average, real estate bought at present will yield its owner net five per cent., *payable in paper-money*.

There are those who put their money in gold and hoard it. These persons are sure of not losing *all* they have made. If, when they make $1500, they buy $1000 in gold, they are sure of having at last two-thirds of their means safe, in any event. But they are pretty sure of losing the other third, besides the interest on their money, for gold hoards yield no income. Many of these holders of gold argue that when it rises to "the right point" they will sell. That is precisely their mistake. When it does rise to "the right point" they will be more eager to buy than ever. Many persons who could not be persuaded to buy gold at 110, eighteen months ago, could not be driven to sell it last March, when it was 172, and only thought of parting with it when it dropped to 122, sixty days ago. And this is human nature. The more gold rises the more tenaciously people who hoard will cling to it; it is only when it has fallen heavily, and looks as if it would never go up again, that these misers will consent to sell. Thus the chances are very great that the gold which is being bought now at 140 and 150, and hoarded, will be held through fluctuation after fluctuation, and finally sold out somewhere in the neighborhood of par; having thus, as we said, insured to the hoarder the safety of two-thirds of his money at the cost of the other third—a pretty high premium of insurance.

There is, however, one investment now offered in this market which promises both a suitable income and perfect security, that is, United States 6 per cent. bonds. These bonds, which are offered at the United States Sub-Treasuries and at the various Government agencies at par in currency, yield 6 per cent. per annum, PAYABLE IN GOLD. There were $500,000,000 of them authorized by Congress to be issued; of these, $275,000,000 have already been sold, leaving $225,000,000 yet to be disposed of. The gold for the payment of interest on these bonds is received from customs duties. At the present time the receipts from customs at this port alone will average $55,000,000, and from all the ports together probably over $75,000,000—which is the interest, at 6 per cent, on $1,250,000,000. The customs duties will, in the nature of things, continue to increase so long as the prosperity of the country endures. Thus the purchaser of these United States bonds insures himself against the depreciation of the currency without running the risk which is assumed by the buyer of gold—namely, the risk of a loss on the future fall in gold, and the loss of interest. If gold rises, the income of a United States bondholder increases simultaneously, while that of every other bond or shareholder diminishes. If gold falls, United States bonds rise, and the holder can make money by selling out at the advance, while a fall in gold naturally depresses all property and stocks, United States securities alone excepted. In either event, therefore, the creditor of the United States is in a safer position than the creditor of a shareholder in any private corporation, or the holder of real estate or gold.

It is these considerations which have led to the absorption of the five-twenty bonds at the rate of nearly a million a day for nine months, and which probably insure the sale of the whole issue by New Year.

THE LOUNGER.

NOTICE.

THE Lounger receives so many applications, in various ways, for notices in these columns, that it is only fair for him to state that he must certainly disappoint most of the applicants, for he speaks only of those books and things in general which, for some reason, especially interest him. He can not comment upon every thing sent him; nor can he explain why he speaks of one thing and not of another. He prints this little notice in the fond confidence of Sairey Gamp, who says what Miss Alcott most felicitously prefixes as a motto to her most racy and delightful "Hospital Sketches"—"which no names being mentioned, no offense could be took."

THE RUSSIANS.

THE Russian fleet in the harbor of New York is a pretty and significant sight. The welcome to the Russian officers was a striking and memorable event. John Bull in the omnibus and at windows and on the corners of streets laughed at the "splendor" of the spectacle. But its meaning was not to be measured by the quantity of gold lace on the military coats; it was to be apprehended by the mind's eye, John.

At this time there are also English and French ships riding at anchor in the harbor. And what the mind's eye sees as it looks is, that England and France are the quasi enemies of this country and of Russia; that England and France have recognized the belligerent rights of the rebels, and that Russia has not; that if an English pirate, like the *Florida* or *Alabama*, should appear off the bay, the English and French ships would treat her as a commissioned vessel of war, and the Russian ships would treat her as a pirate. These are little things visible to the mind's eye, whatever the excellent John Bull may think of the "splendor" of the civic reception.

John thinks that we are absurdly bamboozled by the Russian compliments, and laughs to see us deceived by the sympathy of Muscovy. If one of the Russian officers, he says, were to express in St. Petersburg a tithe of the regard for American institutions which Americans recklessly attribute to them he would soon be in Siberia. But we are not very much deceived. Americans understand that the sympathy of France in our Revolution was not from love of us, but from hatred of England. They know, as Washington long ago told them, that romantic friendship between nations is not to be expected. And if they had latterly expected it, England has utterly undeceived them. Americans do not suppose that Russia is upon the point of becoming a republic; but they observe that the English aristocracy and the French empire hate a republic quite as much as the Russian monarchy hates it; and they remark that while the French empire imports coolies into its colonies, and winks at slavery, and while the British Government cheers a political enterprise founded upon slavery, and by its chief organs defends the system, Russia emancipates her serfs.

There is not the least harm in observing these little facts. Russia, John Bull will remember, conducts herself as a friendly power. That is all. England and France have shown themselves to be unfriendly powers. And we do not forget it. Russia treats us in our civil war as we treated England in her Crimean and Indian wars. We have no "frenzy" of gratitude for it, but we have a very distinct and permanent perception of the fact. As to the gold lace and the splendor of the civic ovation, if they were inadequate, the Russians doubtless freely forgive the want of rings upon the hand in consideration of the warmth and sincerity of the pressure.

CONSERVATISM AND RESPECTABILITY.

IN the middle of last July Abraham Franklin, a young man of this city, quiet and inoffensive, and a member of Zion African Church, went to his mother to see if he could do any thing for her safety. She said that if God willed she must die she was ready. The son knelt by her and prayed God's protection for his mother, and had scarcely risen from his knees when the crowd broke down the door, seized him, beat him with clubs, and then hung him in the presence of his mother. The soldiers drove the mob away and cut down his body. They passed on, and the mob returning suspended it again, cutting it to pieces while it hung.

The sister of Sergeant Simmons, of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts regiment, was at home with her children. The mob broke in, seized her boy of six or seven years old; asked him whether he preferred to be hung or have his throat cut; hung the poor child and dropped him two or three times, then ran away. The abused child lingered for a few days and died of the torture and terror.

Augustus Stuart was running to the arsenal for safety. The mob pursued him, knocked him down and beat him, and he died within a week.

In a little room in Twenty-eighth Street a poor woman lay in bed with an infant born three days before. The rioters broke through the door with pickaxes. A neighbor, who was in the room with her son, fled into the yard. Scarcely had she reached it when the little infant was thrown from the window above by the rioters, and was dashed to death. The yelling mob then poured into the yard. The mother with her son were escaping over the fence. Faint with terror she fell back into the yard. Her son besought the mob to save his mother if they killed him. "Well, we'll kill you," they answered. Two ruffians seized him and held his arms apart while a third struck him on the head with a crow-bar, and felled him like a bullock to the ground. The boy died two days after.

And these rioters, whose prejudices and passions had been inflamed to this insane hate by the talk of Horatio Seymour and his party-papers and orators, smeared with the blood of innocent children and parents, and howling vengeance upon those who pitied and defended their victims, swarm into the Park where Horatio Seymour, solemnly sworn to execute the laws against all such ruffians, calls them "My friends," while his papers describe these crimes, for which language has no term, as "a popular uprising," "a procession of the people," etc.; and John Hughes looks at them and says, "I don't see a riotous face among you." Then Horatio Seymour and his papers turn to the citizens of the State of New York, and show to them a list of candidates for whom Seymour himself and Fernando Wood will vote, and every man who hung and felled the helpless children will vote, and all the conductors and owners of the papers that incited and excused those awful crimes will vote; and for whose success every rebel in arms and every foreign foe of this country prays, and Horatio Seymour and his mob of murderers and panders to murder commend their ticket to us as "respectable and conservative." The conservatism of Cain, and the respectability of infamy!

WHO IS WHO?

IN politics names are often things. The value of a name is shown in nothing more strongly than in the history of the Democratic party. For many years there has been always a party of that name, while the opposition has been called by a score of names. Yet the "Democratic party" of to-day is no more like that of thirty years ago than Jefferson Davis is like Andrew Jackson, or Horatio Seymour like Silas Wright. The Democratic party has no single distinctive Democratic principle whatever; for the fundamental Democratic doctrine is equal rights, and the cardinal dogma of the present party of that name is privilege, and its whole policy is an effort to protect it.

The Copperhead faction in this country, upon whose success the rebels fondly count, has therefore no more right to the name of Democratic party than a toad has to the name of eagle. It was a serious error of the true Democrats, when they withdrew from the Convention in Baltimore fifteen years ago, that they did not carry the Democratic name as they did the Democratic faith out of that Convention. When they retired they left only a congress of slaveholders and their dependents; and it was evident that they would succeed in appropriating the Government to themselves and their purposes forever, or that civil war would ensue. From that moment until the present, as the hollowness of the "Democratic" mash has been detected, and in the degree that Democrats have discovered for themselves that the party retained nothing of Democracy but the name, they have been constantly leaving it, until at length the faction which calls itself the Democratic party is merely a tender to the rebellion. And even now the managers of the faction only retain some honest adherents by pretending an interest in the war for the Union against slavery.

But the great mass of loyal citizens do really hold to the fundamental Democratic doctrine of equal rights under the laws. They are therefore essentially Democrats. They are engaged in rescuing the fair fame of their name from the efforts of rebels and rebel sympathizers and abettors. They are defending the government under which all wrongs can be most securely righted against those who wish to rear a new and unjust government upon its ruins. They are maintaining the Union against armed traitors, and traitors calling themselves peace men. They are defending America against Americans, and Democracy against Democrats. When the war is over they will resume their party name, and the great Democracy will declare that in these bitter and perilous years it was not Davis, nor Vallandigham, nor Slidell, nor Fernando Wood, nor Yancey, nor Franklin Pierce, nor Isaac Toucey, nor Judah Benjamin, nor the Seymours who were true Democrats, but Lincoln, and Butler, and Dix, and Chase, and Logan, and Winter Davis, and John A. Andrew, and their friends.

KILLING OUT OF RULE.

Our domestic rebels and Copperheads and our foreign enemies affect to deprecate the bombardment of Charleston by General Gilmore as an atrocious possibility. What are the facts? For about three months operations have been conducted for the capture of that city, which is a rebel stronghold and port of entry. The approach of General Gilmore has been steady and irresistible. He has possessed himself of Morris Island, captured Forts Wagner and Gregg, and silenced Fort Sumter. He has summoned the city, and planted his siege-guns. Two or three forts and an obstructed sea-channel in the harbor yet withstand him. For him, therefore, the question is simply whether he can most rapidly and cheaply effect his purpose of destroying the value of the place to the enemy by attacking and capturing the forts, and clearing the harbor, and then assaulting the city, or by attacking the city at once.

It is purely a question of war. Humanity has no more to do with it than with all other warlike operations. If the people of that wretched town wish to save its walls, let them surrender. If they do not choose to surrender, let them not plead inhumanity against the military effort to compel them to surrender. Thackeray's Major O'Gahagan complained that in a certain duel somebody killed his opponent entirely out of rule. And Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* cries: "Mais tu me pousses en tierce avant que de me pousser en quarte, et tu n'as pas la patience que je pare." You thrust out of rule, and you don't wait until I parry your blows.

General Gilmore and his soldiers have not gone to Charleston to satisfy General O'Gahagan Beauregard, nor to play a comedy. It is tragedy, for the rebellion and for rebels, upon which they are bent.

A NOMINATION "FIT TO BE MADE."

We spoke some time since of the duty of every citizen to secure the best nominations by attending the primary meetings. This has been done in one district at least of this State, the Onondaga, where Andrew D. White is nominated for State Senator.

Mr. White, a citizen of Syracuse, and lately Professor of History in the Michigan University, is a man so unusually fitted by his character and training for public life, of such clear and strong convictions, such familiarity with our political history, and the character and wants of the State and country, and withal of such calm good sense and maturity of mind, that his election, of which there can be little doubt, will be a benefit not only to his district but to the State and country.

THE SERGEANT'S MEMORIAL.

This is a beautiful biography of one of the young heroes in the war, of whom a comrade said, "He never said much but always did it." It is another glimpse of that rare and unsuspected manhood which the country and its ideas had trained without our knowing it—another memorial of a pure, noble young soul spent for the life and liberty of the nation.

It is the memoir of Sergeant John H. Thompson of the One Hundred and Sixth New York Regiment, written by his father, Rev. J. P. Thompson of the Tabernacle Church. It is a portrait painted with pathetic tenderness and mournful grace. And yet no man more than the faithful father of this good soldier knows that if such a death touches the home with sorrow that never passes away, it sheds upon it also a benediction which increases for ever and ever. It is a story for young men to ponder, and for all of us to read with a sacred pride that there are such children and such parents; and that the war which secures, with blood and tears, the union of the country, cements also an undying union of sympathy in the thousand homes that have been smitten.

SIR EDWARD LYTTON AGAIN.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, who two years ago made a speech to the Herts County farmers in England, and told them that the United States were gone, and it was a great blessing, because it was too large and powerful a nation for the comfort of England, has had another talk with the same farmers, and he told them "a strange story" indeed.

He said that the noble cause of national freedom is bound up with the material prosperity and moral power of England. But Mr. Roebuck had already said the same thing much more sententiously: "Whatever is for the good of England is for the good of the world." In both cases it is a naive confession that the ruin of a great power and the creation of a new slaveholding nation are for the good of England. But Sir Edward leaves his farming friends in delightful doubt as to how the cause of national freedom is subserved by the ruin of a nation in order to establish slavery.

The mysterious Zanoni proceeds to remark that not the least remarkable feature of these changes is that they take England as their model in the institutions they seek to establish; and explains that he means they reject absolute Despotism and unmitigated Democracy. Let us see. The corner-stone of the British system is Liberty, that of the Southern is Slavery. The form of the British Government is hereditary monarchy and nobility, with a State Church. The form of "the Confederate Government" is a republic, with no social distinction among those whom it acknowledges as human beings, and with no State Church. That is to say, in form there is no resemblance whatever. But if Sir Edward means that in spirit the Slave Government is like the British he makes a stupid blunder. Because, in spirit, Southern society is an unmitigated Oriental despotism, the power residing in an oligarchy, and not in a single person. It has no other resemblance to the British system than all governments which reject the American doctrine must have to each other, from England to the King of Dahomy; but Pelham would reason that because a crocodile is not a hippopotamus it must therefore be an eagle.

He concludes with the remark that the century may perhaps close upon a world of constitutional monarchies like England. "What would you say, my sinful brethren," said an old Deacon at a prayer-meeting, "if you should wake up and find yourselves dead?" If the way to have the curtain of the century fall upon British monarchies is to lay slavery corner-stones about the world, there is a good deal of work to be done in thirty-seven years. "Perhaps" is a good word. The moon *may* be made of green cheese. But the chances are very much against it.

England has done, and does, great service in the world; and among the chief is that her best traditions and cherished faith are diametrically opposed to such fierce barbarism as is now striving to overrun part of this continent. But Sir Edward Lytton no more understands and speaks for this civilizing faith than he represents in his stories the noblest and most significant life of England.

MR. BLAIR UPON [illegible] ESIDENT'S POLICY.

Mr. Postmaster-General Blair has made another speech in Maryland, and if he be correctly reported, he says that the President's plan of reconstruction contemplates the overthrow of the rebel Government and the restoration of the loyal men in the rebel section to power. Of course any plan does this. How is the rebellion to end if the rebels are left in power?

But Mr. Blair's intention, undoubtedly, is to insinuate that the Emancipation Proclamation need not be a bugbear in the border States. If by this he means that as Maryland is excepted from the proclamation she can not complain justly or unjustly of executive interference, he is right. But if he means that the President recoils from his policy, and contemplates, in any terms of settlement, the enslaving of persons freed by his proclamation, then the Postmaster-General counts upon our forgetting the President's Springfield letter.

The Postmaster-General, we observe, is assumed in some quarters to speak for the President. After a foolish speech, which Mr. Blair made in the summer at Concord, New Hampshire, Mr. Wendell Phillips suggested that he was a traveling political agent of the Cabinet. Possibly of some one in the Cabinet he may be. But we happen to know that the President knew nothing of his Postmaster's Concord speech until long after it was delivered, and it is only fair to conclude that Mr. Blair in Maryland spoke for himself alone. Indeed, if there is one thing proved, it is that the President needs nobody to talk or to write for him. There is no man in our political history who has equaled him in the tact, timeliness, pertinence, and plainness of his speeches and letters. The last, by-the-by, have been published in a pamphlet by H. H. Lloyd & Co., and there is no better or more timely reading.

REBEL BULLETS AND COPPERHEAD BALLOTS.

It is well for every voter to remember that the rebels count upon Copperhead successes at the polls as equal to "Confederate" successes in the field. It matters very little to the cause of the rebellion whether it prevails by friendly ballots at the North or bullets at the South. Thus, one of the most rabid rebel sheets, the *Atlanta Appeal*, speaking of Bragg's battle at Chattanooga, says: "We shall now be recognized. Our securities will rise. *Vallandigham will be elected.*" The friends of Vallandigham in New York offer a ticket opposed to the unconditional Union ticket. Shall we give the *Atlanta Appeal* reason to record the result of the election here with as much joy as it describes the battle at Chattanooga?

ONE THING CERTAIN.

The London *Times* says, with the solemnity of a wolf muffled in lamb's wool and trying to baa: "We are desperately bent on keeping the path of public right and national honor." If the *Florida* did not afford sufficient proof of this great fact, the *Alabama* is certainly enough to put it beyond question.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

General Grant is able to move around.

General Prentiss arrived at Cairo from below last week, *en route* for Washington.

General Herron, in consequence of sickness, has been compelled to abandon the command of the expedition, and is succeeded by General Dana. General Herron arrived at New York last week in the *Evening Star*.

Lieutenant H. A. Fernald, Twenty-second Massachusetts Volunteers, has been honorably acquitted of the charges preferred against him.

It is reported from rebel sources that Lieutenant-General Polk and Major-General Hindman have been relieved of their commands by order of General Bragg, for alleged disobedience of orders.

Rear-Admiral Du Pont, on 12th, visited the Russian fleet in our harbor, and was most cordially received.

The command of a squadron of cavalry, proposed to be formed from the Fifth Ohio Infantry, has been tendered to Major T. Gaines, the Judge Advocate, long associated as assistant with Judge Holt.

Brigadier-General Meredith, agent for the exchange of prisoners, arrived in Washington on 13th.

Colonel Ducat, Inspector, on General Rosecrans's staff, has gone northward on sick furlough.

Generals Negley, Crittenden, and M'Cook, were in Nashville on 13th.

On 7th inst. a magnificent banquet was given to Brigadier-General Charles K. Graham, at Delmonico's in Fourteenth Street, by a number of our prominent citizens.

The employment at last given to General Wadsworth will take him to Mississippi. His functions will be of a mixed character, civil and military.

General Hartsuff has been relieved of the command of the Ninth Army Corps, and appointed to another command.

On Sunday, 11th, Admiral Milne and suite, with Lord Lyons and the entire British Legation, attended by the Secretary of State and others, visited Mount Vernon, and paid homage at the tomb of Washington.

Colonel Percy Wyndham, who only a few days ago resumed command of his brigade of cavalry, very much to his surprise, has received an order relieving him from all military duty.

Judge-Advocate-General Holt's review of the evidence in the investigation of the evacuation of Winchester by General Milroy, entirely exonerates that officer from blame, and attributes whatever fault there was in the matter to General Schenck, General Milroy's superior officer, and Colonel M'Reynolds, his subordinate.

The order recently issued sending Captain Parker, of General Martindale's Staff, to report to General Banks, has been revoked. Captain Parker is assigned to duty at head-quarters of the Military Governor. Colonel Ingraham, of the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts, is assigned to the duty of examining prisoners at the Old Capitol.

General Sigel met with an impromptu ovation of much spirit at Pittsburg on 8th. He made a stirring, patriotic speech, and was followed by other speakers.

Commodore Shufeldt, detached from the command of the *Conemaugh*, has been ordered to the command of the *Proteus*.

Lieutenant-Commander De Krafft has been ordered to the command of the *Conemaugh*.

Major-General Hancock, writing to a friend in Washington, expresses a hope to rejoin the army within three weeks. He is yet lame, and not able to ride horseback, but his wound is healing.

It is very probable that Major-General Heintzelman will be immediately relieved from the command of the Department of Washington, and placed in command of that of Texas, for which he is well fitted by long service there. It is understood that either General Barnard or General Sickles will succeed Heintzelman in the command of this Department. It is urged that General Barnard should be selected on account of his familiarity with the relative strength and value of all the fortifications, as they have been located and constructed under his supervision as the chief engineer of the defenses of Washington, and he necessarily knows more about them than any one else.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

It is reported that the whole rebel army has crossed the Rapidan, and that General Meade has fallen back to the north bank of the Rappahannock. When our forces retired from Culpepper they burned such stores as could not be conveniently carried away, in order to prevent them falling into the hands of the enemy. The rebels are said to have commenced the passage of the Rapidan on 8th, moving in the direction of Madison Court House, with the evident intention of turning General Meade's right wing. Heavy cavalry forces have been sent to our front to dislodge the rebels, who are said to be holding all the gaps in the Bull Run Mountains. There was skirmishing on 12th between the cavalry and some light batteries at or near the line of the Rappahannock. Thus far, the infantry has not been engaged on either side.

THE SKIRMISH OF 10TH.

On Friday night and Saturday morning the rebels moved out of town in a northwardly direction. A division of infantry, a large body of cavalry, and considerable artillery were occasionally seen by our signal-men through openings in the forest, which generally conceals the road. The object of the movement could not at that time be determined. One of General Kilpatrick's cavalry brigades attempted a reconnoissance on the south side of Robertson's River, when they were met by a large body of Stuart's rebel cavalry. A fight ensued, continuing an hour, when our troops fell back upon the infantry reserves. After another severe contest the infantry were compelled to give way, and a considerable number of them were captured. A detachment of our cavalry then dashed upon the enemy, retaking nearly all the prisoners. Our entire force was then pushed back toward Culpepper, skirmishing on the way, and contesting every foot of ground.

ROSECRANS'S ARMY.

It is stated on Washington authority from Chattanooga, that the communications of General Rosecrans are complete, that the rebels who have been attacking his outposts are all dispersed, and that the condition of his army is excellent.

On 8th General Crook, with a brigade of cavalry, came up with a portion of Wharton's rebel cavalry, near Franklin. Sharp fighting ensued, the result of which was one hundred and twenty-five rebels killed and wounded, three hundred taken prisoners, and four pieces of cannon captured. The rebels fled.

BURNSIDE AT WORK.

Dispatches from Knoxville, Tennessee, report a brisk engagement of General Burnside's corps, near Blue Spring, on 8th and 9th. The rebels numbered some six thousand. The fight was renewed on 11th, when the rebels were driven from the field. We lost sixty men in killed and wounded.

CHARLESTON.

Our latest news from Charleston is to the effect that there is every probability that a combined attack of our army and naval forces will be made on the city within ten days from this time. All preparations were ready for such an event at last accounts, but it had not commenced.

A TORPEDO.

Serious damage was suffered by the frigate *New Ironsides* on the night of the 6th inst. by the explosion of a rebel torpedo. The *Ironsides* was anchored at the time off Fort Moultrie, and the infernal contrivance was set adrift from the upper end of Sullivan's Island, whence it floated rapidly down on the ebb-tide, and struck her before she could be removed after its discovery. The explosion is described as having been terrific, dashing the water in a heavy volume on the deck, and putting out all the fires. It is stated that the damage was so great that Admiral Dahlgren has it under advisement whether to send the vessel North for repairs. Unfortunately an officer was killed by the explosion, and two men wounded.

QUANTRELL AT WORK.

An attack upon the staff and body-guard of General Blunt, near Fort Scott, was made a few days since by Quantrell and his band of miscreants, and in this matter they fully sustained the infamous reputation which was lately achieved by them at Lawrence. Assuming the uniform of Union soldiers, three hundred of these scoundrels surprised General Blunt's small party and captured seventy-eight of the one hundred men composing it. These prisoners were afterward brutally murdered, all of them having been found with bullet-holes through the head. General Blunt himself escaped, and meeting reinforcements below Fort Scott, took command of them and went in pursuit of Quantrell.

GENERAL HERRON'S EXPEDITION.

Intelligence has been received from General Herron's Expedition against guerrillas, in the vicinity of Morganza, a few miles above Port Hudson. Upon reaching the Atchafalaya River, it was found the rebels were in a strong position, and it was deemed advisable to prepare for an attack. At the same time, a force of some 400, under Lieutenant-Colonel Leake, of the Twentieth Iowa, was thrown forward five or six miles. The rebels secretly crossed the river, and got between Colonel L.'s command and the main body, forcing a severe fight, which lasted half an hour, when our troops were obliged to surrender. The main body was hurried up, but the rebels hurried off.

JEFF DAVIS ON A TOUR.

The Petersburg *Express* of Wednesday says that President Davis passed through Petersburg the day previous, for some point South, accompanied only by a friend or two, and but for the fact that he is so well known by the people of the Confederacy, would have gone through entirely unobserved. He was looking well, and appeared to be in excellent spirits. It is not improbable that Jeff Davis is on his way to Charleston, Chattanooga, and Mobile, on a tour of inspection, with a view to inspirit his troops at these points.

INCENDIARISM IN THE WEST.

Within the last two months Jeff Davis's rebel incendiaries have set on fire and destroyed fifteen first-class Mississippi steamboats, valued at three-quarters of a million of dollars, and caused the loss of twenty-eight lives.

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

We have at the present time but few scattering returns of the elections. But enough has been received to render it pretty certain that Curtin has been elected over Woodward by a considerable majority, and that Brough has beaten Vallandigham by 50,000 or 75,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

A SPEECH FROM EARL RUSSELL.

Earl Russell had made an important speech on foreign affairs at Blair Gowrie, in Scotland. He referred at considerable length to the American question; justified England in recognizing the Confederates as belligerents; and answered some of the imputations brought by the people of the North, particularly the speech of Senator Sumner. He also replied to the complaint of the South in regard to the recognition of the blockade; and asserted that although self-interest demanded that England should break it, she prefers the course of honor, as it would have been infamous to break it. He showed that the Government had not sufficient evidence against the *Alabama* to detain her until after she sailed, and explained the difficulties in the way of interference in such cases. He drew a line between ordinary vessels equipped for war purposes and steam rams, which are in themselves formed for acts of offense, and might be used without ever touching Confederate shores. He asserted that the Government was ready to do every thing the duties of neutrality required—every thing that is just to a friendly nation, and such as they would wish done to themselves; but would not yield one jot of right to the menace of foreign powers. He complimented the Federal Government and Mr. Seward upon the fairness with which they have discussed the matters of difference; but said there were others, including Senator Sumner, who had acted differently. He denounced the efforts of those who sought to create trouble between America and Europe; and, with expressions of friendship toward America, asserted that all his efforts would be to maintain peace. Speaking of Poland, he defended England's position, and remonstrated against that of Russia; but did not think England should go to war on the subject. As regards Mexico, he thought that if the Mexicans approved of what was being done for them they should be allowed to do so.

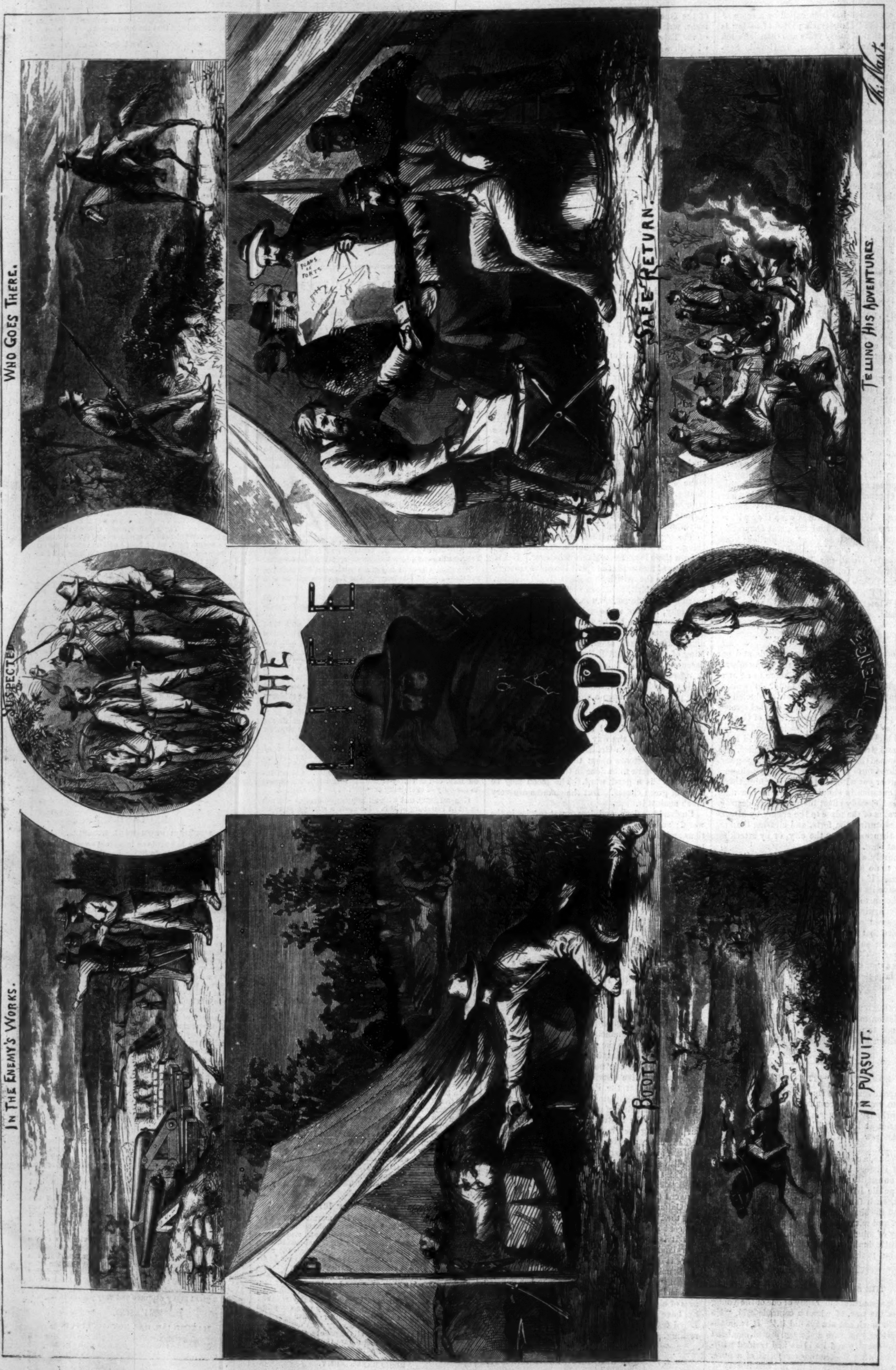
THE BRITISH PIRATES.

The Cape of Good Hope mails contain some very important information relative to the work of the privateers *Alabama*, *Georgia*, and *Tuscaloosa*—formerly the bark *Conrad*, just converted into a rebel war vessel—in and off Table Bay, Simon's Bay, and other parts of the coast. The *Alabama* captured the Union bark *Sea Bride* within sight of thousands of the colonists as she was running into Table Bay. The United States Consul protested against the seizure as having been made within a cannon-shot of the shore. He also claimed the restitution of the *Tuscaloosa*, as agent for her owners, on the ground that, not having been condemned by the prize court of any recognized country, her entry into a British port was a violation of the Queen's proclamation. The Governor decided against both these demands; whereupon the Consul protested in the name of his Government, and pointed out that the original cargo of the *Tuscaloosa* had been sold to merchants at Cape Town, and that the cargo of the *Sea Bride* would be similarly disposed of. The *Alabama* and *Georgia* reported a great many captures and very profitable trips.

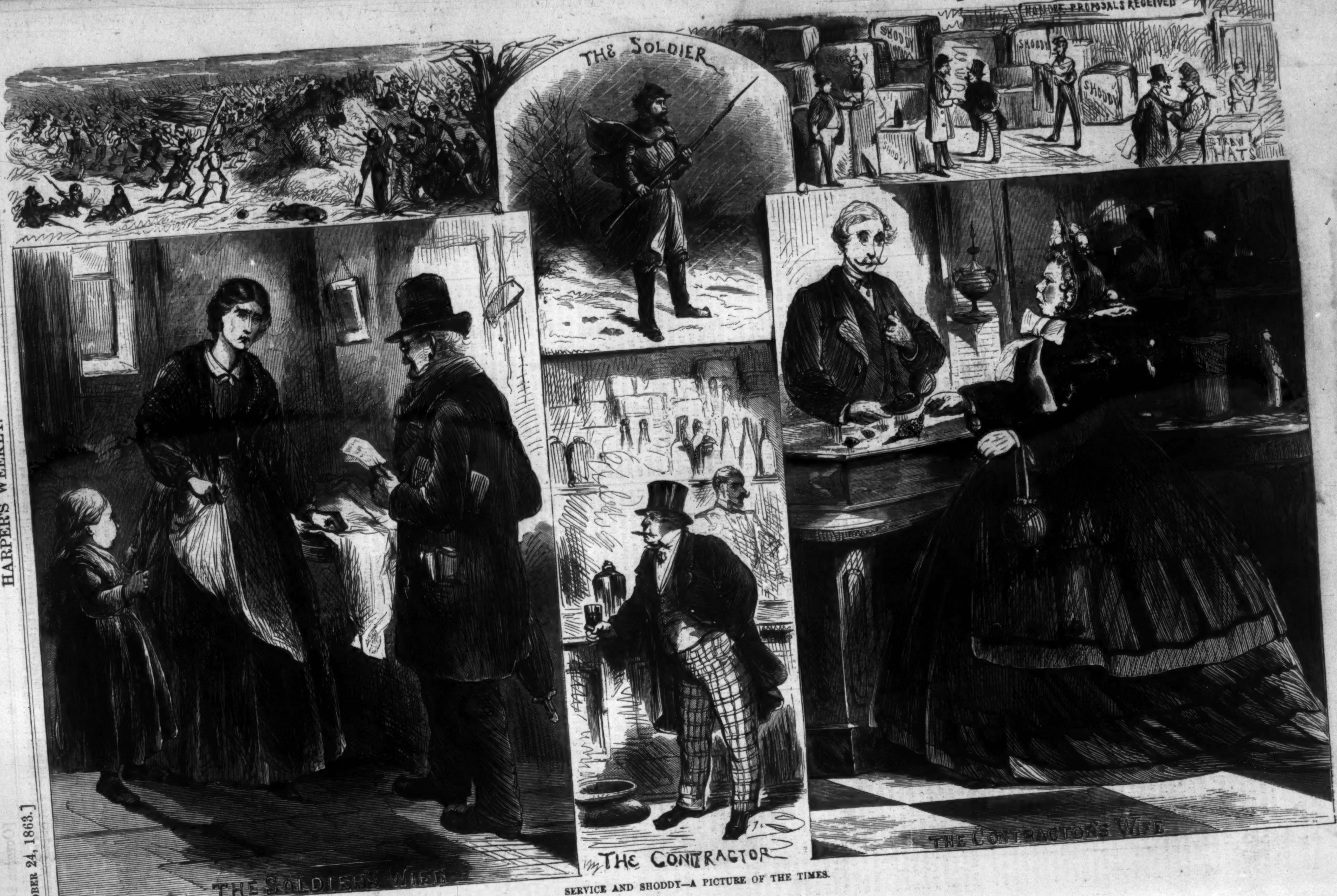
MEXICO.

MAXIMILIAN HAS NOT ACCEPTED.

The Archduke Maximilian has replied to the Mexican deputation, who have waited upon him with a formal offer of the throne, that he is willing to accept it, if tendered by a free, spontaneous, and genuine expression of the people of Mexico, coupled with some guarantee for the integrity and independence of that country.


WHO GOES THERE.
SAFE RETURN.
PLANS OF FORTS
TELLING HIS ADVENTURES.
Th. Nast.
SUSPECTED.
THE LIFE OF A SPY.
SENTENCED.
IN THE ENEMY'S WORKS.
BOOTY.
IN PURSUIT.

THE LIFE OF A SPY—IN NINE TABLEAUX.


THE SOLDIER
NO MORE PROPOSALS RECEIVED
SHODDY
SHODDY
SHODDY
SHODDY
SHODDY
STRAW HATS
THE SOLDIER'S WIFE
THE CONTRACTOR
THE CONTRACTOR'S WIFE

SERVICE AND SHODDY—A PICTURE OF THE TIMES.

FORTIS ET FIDELIS.

There were loungers on the steps; and the autumn wind, sweeping freshly in from the shore, was blowing something like a gale. No time or place for sentiment! Besides, the parting was but for a season. Lina Drysdale would be the guest that winter of Robert's sister. Guy, too, would pass the season in New York; so a few laughing words to Lina, and a distant bow to that shy Agnes, already in the carriage, and then Robert March and Guy Drysdale, bound by a rare and subtle sympathy as fast as earthly bonds can bind, loving each other with a love passing that of woman, had shaken hands and gone on their respective ways, with just that subtle tinge of sadness that makes the hope of such partings all the sweeter.

But that winter proved dark with menace of the coming storm, and restless and anxious with the fierce discontent and plotting of South Carolina; and Guy Drysdale, in very virtue of high position and daring spirit, was drawn foremost into that vortex of madness. And then boomed out the guns from Sumter, knelling in the war.

The parting had been with mirth and laughter; the meeting was amidst the horror of battle, late on in that dreary day at the Seven Pines. Like a wall had our brave fellows stood against the furious onward surge of the enemy, as column after column they hurled themselves on our solid, stubborn ranks. The river was our reserve, foaming and bridgeless; and all the night before the rebel camp had been deafened with the clatter of hoofs, and the roll of artillery trains, and the steady tramp of regiments coming to the rescue; and the soldiers, stung by the reverse at Fair Oaks, and maddened by our battle-cry of "On to Richmond!" were no longer men, but things raging, things to cut, hack, and hew; and the work was done, stroke upon stroke, blow upon blow: regiment after regiment ordered on by Johnston to the attack; ranks filled as fast as thinned; fresh men taking the place of tired ones; on and at them, again and again, with steady, deadly persistency. And the men at bay were heroes, but of flesh and blood, worn out with hours of fighting—fighting desperately, not hopefully, more than half of their officers down, and the deadly bullets dropping them faster than the pestilence; and at last, in his rage and despair, Johnston was coming on in person, drums beating, colors flying, a great, roaring, angry wave, down upon them as the Red Sea might have swept upon the Egyptian chariots, forcing them from their brave stand, treading them under grinding hoofs, more merciless than Death itself.

All through that day had Robert March fought well and nobly; and now he stood, disdaining to run, but plainly meaning to sell his life as dearly as possible, receiving the soldiers, who rushed upon him shouting, with a succession of rapid, flashing strokes, that presently cleared a space about him, and brought the trooper foremost in attack on guard. Then ensued one of those strange duels common in such scenes of horror. The Confederate soldier—an Alabamian—was in raging earnest, and no mean swordsman; but Robert possessed the immeasurable advantage of self-control, and was ready, eye, foot, and hand, for the blows stormed down upon him; and presently a swift lunge brought the blood from the Alabamian's shoulder. The soldiers standing by began to murmur and press up closer at that; knives were already out, and one scowling fellow was drawing his pistol from his belt.

"Oh!" said Robert, coolly parrying a slashing down-stroke; "six on one! It is to be a murder, then!"

Things wore an ugly look, certainly; the pistol was already level with Robert's breast; but an officer who had been watching the affray dashed in among them like a storm, knocked up the revolver, and crying out,

"You villains! give the man fair play! This isn't a massacre!"

At the sound of his voice Robert, who had never once lost self-possession, started and turned hastily; getting, as his reward for such signal want of caution, a cut on the cheek that brought the blood out redly—for, spite of dust, and the grime of battle, and worst of all, the Confederate uniform, that was Guy Drysdale.

"And lucky for you, dear Bob, that I stumbled on you!" was his first comment; "for Johnston is either dead or dying, and it has put the very devil in our fellows. I doubt if you would have gotten safe to Richmond to-night."

And so Captain March found himself not many miles from Richmond at the time that M'Clellan was menacing it with his hosts, and Mrs. Jefferson Davis was packing up carpets and curtains in all haste to flee before the Northern Vandals. A prisoner indeed, but in the bosom of a South Carolinian family, and bound only by silken cords.

It had been no easy matter to win for him so much grace; but Guy's friendship was unflinching, his energy untiring, and his services and position not to be overlooked; and Guy had pledged himself for Robert, life for life, his honor on that of Captain March; and so the young Federal soldier was his guest, and stood leaning over the piano at which Lina was singing, with a blush and flutter of manner quite uncalled for, since Robert's eyes grazed her glossy braids, and were fixed with a curiosity in which was no thought of her singing, on Agnes's figure, there beyond in the deep window. She had altered strangely since that morning when she shrank away in the carriage from his good-by. In those gay days she had been a mask or a blank; and though, as a Drysdale, she had their regularity of feature and splendor of physique, the taper fingers and arched instep, it was the lovely transparency without the light, the sweet poem without the key to the cipher in which it was written; and puzzled by the strange combination of her dark-gray eyes, black lashes, and black arched brows, with the heavy mass of bright golden hair, people were doubtful whether that "odd Miss Drysdale" should not read "that ugly Miss Drysdale." But with the war the smouldering flame in her heart had blazed up into clear, decisive speech—prompt, efficient action; and her present passionate energy, contrasting with her former inertness, proved, as Robert had suspected, that what the world charitably termed reserve, was in truth contempt for the small eating, drinking, and chattering of her daily life.

The change vindicated also her beauty; for the fair face at last, informed with the thoughts so long hidden, reduced Lina's beauty of splendid contrasts—ripe color, and clear brune whiteness, pearl white teeth, and midnight blackness of eyes and hair, demure scarlet lips, and glittering saucy smile—to so much prettiness; the still figure in the black dress, that she had chosen to wear since the commencement of the war, made of Lina's lithe air and gay ribbon knots and bodice so much coquetry; her very self-controlled presence, sewing there, rapidly and noiselessly, on some rough garments for hospital wear, swamped in oblivion Lina's grace and plain desire to please, and roused all Captain March's curiosity, and a little pique, natural to a man not used to be coolly, sweetly, but decidedly overlooked by charming girls; accepted, but with lady-like resignation, like any other inevitable nuisance—as the east wind, or a bore; though her endurance was less sharp-edged, and softened by a something of kindliness since the day they had driven to Richmond, a party of four: Guy, who had snatched a day at home, Lina, Agnes, and Robert, whom they had dressed in plain clothes.

Artillery was rattling through the streets, and bands of men haggard and ragged, but showing a gallant front as they marched by, drums beating, and torn banners flying, were crowding in to the help of beleaguered Richmond. Agnes's color rose as she watched their close array and growing numbers.

"They come barefoot and in tatters," she said, half glancing at March, "as once another army crossed the frozen Delaware on a bitter winter's night."

The taunt fell on unheeding ears. Robert's heart and soul were in his eyes. Close on them, not ten feet away, was the railway station; and filling its buildings, and piled on its platform in the broiling, merciless sun, were lying men by the hundreds, wounded and helpless, Federal blue and Confederate gray side by side. Among them ministering angels went to and fro, partial angels passing the hated Federal uniforms with scorn or indifference; and Robert grew white to the lips as he saw the longing eyes follow the cool fruit or refreshing drink, and the wan faces grow more ghastly in their hopelessness and isolation. He himself had been wounded, and he remembered yet the fever and pain and misery of those long weeks, softened by tenderest nursing, loving care; and here were heat, and panting thirst, and loathing hate and scorn, added to racking pain, fever, and misery! Oh! it is easy, women, who hold fast son and brother, lover and husband, to cry I will not let him go! But these were also sons, brothers, and husbands. It is easy, men, who fold your arms and will not help us in this war, because of a thing called an Administration, to read lightly how these brave fellows suffered for you at Richmond, and talk of exaggeration! But these be facts, though told in an idle tale, and Robert found it hard to look on. He trembled from head to foot. He glanced wildly this way and that, as if for some road to desperation, and out of this. Guy laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"Keep cool, Bob! What would you have? There is not enough for our own wounded, and if there must be a choice, you can hardly expect that our men would be passed; and bad as it is, it is worse in those warehouses yonder, where officers and men are crowded three and four hundred in a room, and kept there night and day."

"And I sleep soft and live easily," muttered Robert, "and find my days pass pleasantly; and these men fought as well as I, and some of them deserve better of Heaven! Guy, I can't stand this; my place is among them. I must go and join them."

Then for the first time he saw that Agnes was looking at him, bending forward eagerly, her gray eyes dark with feeling.

"You would do that! you would really do that!"

Guy laughed.

"Of course he would, and get you to pilot him there, where your romantic enthusiasm would receive a damper in a unanimous request from the four hundred to leave them their small share of oxygen in peace. Stay with us, Bob, if you love them."

Robert's eyes rested gloomily on the wounded men.

"There are men out of my own company."

"Where?" asked Agnes, quickly.

"There, just by that post."

She glanced up as he pointed, but did not answer immediately; for she was busy with certain covered baskets stowed away under the seats, her fingers trembling with impatience as she undid them.

"You shall see," she said, low, as she got out of the carriage, "that Southern women have hearts."

Comprehending then her purpose, Robert made a move to follow her; but again Guy held him back.

"There are some here who may know you. Do you stay with Lina and look as indifferent as you can, and I will go."

Look indifferent! As though that were possible, when he longed to kiss the very hem of her dress, as Agnes kneeled by the wounded prisoners, and gave them strawberries with her dainty fingers, or held the coffee to their dry lips. In a moment some one pulled her sleeve, and a shocked voice exclaimed at her elbow,

"My dear Agnes! do you know what you are doing?"

Agnes faced about, and brought her marvelous gray eyes to bear on the pretty questioner's distressful face, answering gravely,

"Yes, I think so, Elise."

"But—but," hesitated the young lady, "that is a miserable Yankee."

Agnes drew down her black brows, and the kindly sunshine was out of her face on the instant.

"Well, Miss Carey, what does that prove?"

The tone scarcely admitted of an answer, and with a shrug of her shoulders the girl turned away and joined a group of whispering ladies at the other end of the platform. Agnes went calmly on with her merciful work, seconded by Guy, whose dark face glowed red with shame and anger, as he glanced toward Robert within hearing of all this. Presently some one touched him—a man this time.

"I arrest you, Sir," he said, harshly.

Guy made an instinctive move for his revolver, but Agnes's soft firm hand was on his in an instant.

"Why and on whose authority?" she asked, calmly.

At the clear tone and steady authoritative glance the man gave back a little, but answered, sulkily:

"As for authority, I am a member of the secret police, and these are prisoners, Miss; and he has been tending them, and all the ladies are talking about it."

Contempt cooled the wrath in Guy's face.

"I am Captain Drysdale," he said, taking a cup of coffee from the servant and kneeling beside a Federal soldier. "When you want me, you can send to Drysdale House."

The official recoiled in dismay.

"I beg your pardon, Sir, but you see you wasn't in uniform, and the ladies—"

Guy's lips curled in a stern smile.

"Tell the *ladies*," he broke in, "that my mother taught us humanity, and my sisters and I practice it."

And so from that time, as we have said, Agnes's manner had grown something gentler, and Robert found himself looking at her with that sort of relief with which we turn from scarlet to deep-toned purple; for Lina's gay talk and French songs jarred on him at that solemn time. He left the piano now to sit down by Agnes, and though she made no move acknowledging his closer presence, nor once relaxed in her swift sewing, a faint color crept into her cheek, drawn there by his steady looking. At his first coming she would not have done him so much grace; but she was beginning to sink the Federal Captain in the man, and that done, was on the high road to liking him.

Lina swept her fingers over the keys, trilled a bar or two, whirled herself about on the piano stool, and came over also, saying,

"Isn't she good?" (the personal pronoun referring to Agnes.) "You can't imagine, Captain March, what shocking stuff that is to sew; and it soils the fingers so:" looking at her little dimpled hands. "I *can't* do it. You see (with the gravest face in the world) I have such a tender nature. I immediately begin to think how those poor Romans, and Celts, and Gauls, and what's their names, did without any havelocks and wrappers, and I find myself so distressed at thought of their unalleviated suffering that I am unable to go on. I have tried it repeatedly."

"For how long?" asked Agnes, gravely.

"Ten consecutive minutes at the very least; now, Agnes, please don't! That is the very way in which you looked at Elise yesterday, and it isn't fair. I appeal to Captain March. She was inhuman; now I am only absurd, and I don't think it is justice to punish us both alike. You see, dear, I am not intended for a soldier's wife like you—and, by-the-by, I never can cease wondering at the discretion of Guy's choice, wisdom not being a Drysdale weakness; but I am a butterfly and a bubble, and it is useless trying to change my nature."

She looked as she spoke as if she hadn't the smallest desire to do it, very complacent and self-satisfied in fact; but Robert was not thinking of her. Something had jarred him rudely. He knew before of Guy's betrothal to his orphan cousin—in fact, it had always been understood; but he recoiled inexplicably at its mention. Agnes, too, she could hardly be more silent, or look more steadily at her work, and yet there had come upon her a chill and a shadow. Lina's perceptions were not keen; she neither saw the shadow nor felt the recoil, but came back to her staple of conversation, Agnes.

"I am a true daughter of the Confederacy," pursued the young lady, cutting up a piece of Agnes's work. "I am sure in those happy days when we had bal masques (we don't have any now) I dressed myself in our colors, though it was frightfully unbecoming; but I almost wish that you could infect Agnes, Captain March, she is so dismally patriotic. Not long since we were threatened with the company of General Floyd at dinner (I always did detest that man!); and do you know she was positively angry because I hinted at locking up my diamonds? It was the more ungenerous as she had none to lose, having given them all to the cause long ago."

"Shame on you, Lina!" retorted her cousin, vehemently. "General Floyd's conduct was fully justified by the exigencies of our cruel position, and he has proved himself an able general—"

"At Carnifex Ferry, *par exemple*," put in Lina, rapidly, "with his cavalry and artillery on one bank and his infantry on the other, shaking in their shoes lest Rosecrans should pounce upon them, while your hero stood bawling for boats, rafts, any thing to get him out of his ridiculous position, to his chief engineer, the ex-mechanist, who couldn't so much as rig a washing-tub to help them, and was forced to ride back to General Wise in search of a man who could."

"And granting it were so," returned Agnes, laying down her work, and speaking fast and half under her breath, "I can not see how Guy Drysdale's sister can find pleasure in exposing our folly and weakness to the—enemy."

She hesitated a little at that last word, coloring swiftly at Robert's hasty look of reproach.

"I did not mean quite that," she amended, "but—"

"I understand," returned Robert, gently; "you have no need to excuse yourself."

A twinge of remorse visited Agnes. In fact, such twinges were her constant company. If Robert would but have been angry, or indifferent, or shown pique, or any thing but this unvarying gentle courtesy—the gentleness of manly power, of the stronger to the weaker, of the man who had looked death coolly in the face and braved overwhelming numbers, to a peevish girl, for she had heard all that story from Guy, and dubbed him hero in her heart, and then found the notion of a Federal hero so monstrous that she thought of him constantly in trying to reconcile it, and to excuse herself to herself, and to escape such self-accusation, softened by unconscious lapses from her cold endurance down to civility; and as the days passed on it happened that Captain March's presence in the household was found to be a very pleasant thing.

He was Guy's friend, and now that Guy was gone formed an element of strength and reliability in these distracted times, Northerner though he was; served as a provocation, too, for all their pretty coquetries of toilet. Lina flashed out in the bright silks and quaint little bodices that had been laid aside for wrappers since every one had gone to the war; and though Agnes never varied the black sweep of her dress, there were softer ruffles edging her snow-white neck, and an occasional gay gleam of color in a knot of ribbon at her throat, or fastened in her abundant hair.

On Robert's part, had Agnes proved as kind as Lina, he might scarcely have snatched time to think of her, but her coldness being a novelty, startled him, and its continuance, which was unnatural to his thinking, interested him; and when he saw that she was gracious and gentle to all things besides, that piqued him, and he set himself to win her over, and to do that studied her, and so brought himself day by day in contact with a noble and lovely nature, and as a consequence discovered in her a hundred beauties that needed the microscope of time for their finding.

Now when we see daily a thing lovable, we are apt to love it.

The time slipped by very pleasantly. Richmond and its suburbs, from the disorders raging there, had long been no pleasant abiding place; and when the terror of M'Clellan's neighborhood was strong upon them, Guy had removed his family to what he styled their mountain fastness, well pleased that he could leave them with such efficient protection as the presence of Captain March. Their living was Spartan in its simplicity, for one day Agnes had been seen to seat herself with a blush at a dinner of Indian meal, saying that she could not endure to live daintily while all about her suffered so incredibly; and March had seconded her at once, donating gayly his share of luxuries to the Federal prisoners; and small as was the sacrifice, it went far to break down the barriers between them, for privations shared together are among the strongest links of love's chain.

Then shortly after Robert came upon Lina in tears, Agnes standing by, and looking an odd mixture of sorrow and amusement. On seeing him, Lina pulled out some embroidery with two inches of cambric in the middle, styled by courtesy a handkerchief, and began to wipe her eyes, answering his inquiries with,

"Oh, it's nothing; only girls' nonsense!"

Robert looked his skepticism. Agnes would never wear such a face as that for nonsense. Understanding his look, she smiled faintly.

"Do yourself justice, Lina. It is heroic to endure privations, but it is so undignified to be shoeless that we lose all the comfort of heroism; and we are fast verging on that condition, for the price of leather is fabulous, and workmen are not."

Robert's face sparkled all over suddenly, and then relapsed into grave thoughtfulness; and from that hour he went about with care on his brow, and was subject to periodical fits of disappearance. He took also to petty larceny, and purloined a slipper apiece from each of the girls; the consequence of all which was a very creditable pair of *bottines*, made out of a pair of Guy's boots; and then, after a little persuasion and much blushing consequent on being measured, indefinite slippers and boots, all of them tolerable. Finally, Mrs. Drysdale, who had held aloof as incredulous, was convinced and measured, and Robert's triumph was complete. It was found also that he could mend clocks, and door-latches, and bracelets—and, in short, he became the general resource, the general reliance, the general reassurance, and was looked upon as embodying the family stock of these qualities quite as necessary for a household's health as flour and wood.

The position was onerous, but it had its perquisites in the incense-burning and adulation of the entire family; for when any thing masculine condescends also to be gracious and useful, straightway his feminine worshipers will wreath his pedestal with roses, and drag his chariot themselves, out of the depths of their gratitude, if his lordship will but let them; and there were long, still mornings, when Robert read aloud to the ladies at their work, and quiet strolls, and stirring scrambles among the rocks; and Robert and Agnes never stopped to ask themselves what subtle flame it was that made all this quiet life instinct with such rare, half-unearthly happiness.

Every morning came their mails—letters from Southern friends, and sometimes a smuggled Northern one, brought in a bag to Robert; who, standing with it one fair morning in the hall, was dazed by a vision descending the broad staircase in white robe and brocade train, lace ruffles at the rounded elbows and shading the white neck, a huge fan pendent from her wrist, long pearl ear-drops dragging down the little ears, and tiny high-heeled shoes, with square silver buckles showing at every step.

"Calicoes are priceless, and so we are obliged to fall back on brocades and our grandmother's wardrobe," said the vision, its gray eyes lustrous with merriment as it swept a courtesy to Robert, quite dazzled by her beauty and the sudden shedding of her nun-like dress.

Meanwhile Lina had crept behind him, and with sly fingers stolen the letters from the bag, seized on one, and opened it. A sudden exclamation caused Robert and Agnes to turn sharp about.

"What now?"

"Oh!" cried Lina, with her eyes full of tears, "whatever shall we do without you? Dear Robert, can't you turn reb—patriot, I mean? Those horrid men are going to exchange you. How could Guy go and tell them! Here is a letter for you."

Robert tore open the envelope hastily. Guy congratulated him on his freedom. He could start at once.

Agnes went, and sitting down tried to think, for she could feel nothing as yet but a wild whirl that found for itself no name. Some sorrows treat us as in the vision Moses did poor Faithful—stun us, and, when we are coming to, beat us down again. Lina ran to dismay her mother with the news, and Robert followed Agnes into the library.

She was sitting there by the window, in a kind of breathless stillness, never raising her eyes at his entrance, but keeping them on the floor, as if unconscious of his presence. At another time Robert might have felt indignation at this strange apathy, this unkind abstinence from all expression of sorrow; but in his deep and sudden distress, in which was an inexplicable horror of something darkening over him, he went straight to her, and tried to win from her some comfort.

"Agnes," he said, gently, "won't you say you are sorry?"

She glanced up at him and smiled, actually smiled; but with what wild eyes and quivering mouth! shuddered, and burst into a passion of tears, the more terrible because she would have died to keep them back; and each stormy sob, wrenched from her strong self-control by an agony mightier than her pride, was horror and shame unbearable. Lower and lower sank the golden head in her self-abasement; and Robert, hitherto looking on in a strange silence, suddenly cried out, "Agnes, help me!" cried desperately, as men cry looking up at walls crashing down upon them, or monstrous waves ingulfing them.

He had folded his arms tightly, he clenched his teeth, he even stamped in the vehemence of his resolve, but the thought dormant in his heart had sprung up with a giant's strength, and it was on his lips, and it must out, and before his lips could frame it it blazed in his eyes, and flamed up in his agitated face; and then he called on Agnes, from whose cheeks the shame-flush had faded away into a mortal pallor, for there was no strength left in her—only she felt with horror a wicked gladness. It is so terrible to be alone, even in right, how much more in wrong doing! So they stood looking a moment at each other, and in that stillness floated in a voice through the window—old Susan reading aloud under the oak near by:

"But God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way of escape that ye may be able to bear it."

The words sounded out clearly in that solemn stillness.

"Then," cried Agnes, passionately, "there is escape for us;" and she dropped on her knees, sobbing, brokenly,

"O merciful Saviour! sorrow or dishonor is before us. Lead us in that way of sorrow where thou didst also walk: lead us, for we can not go ourselves, for thy promise's sake."

White as a corpse, Robert knelt beside her, and there came another solemn hush, and at last Agnes rose and gave him her hand; and he held it, and bent over it a moment, and went away, yet with a strange sweetness in his dream, for right and honor were saved, and that is the life of life; and looking back on Agnes, as she stood in her quaint and splendid dress, inframed in the dark doorway, pale, yet bright with the light of heaven itself, he saw "as it were the face of an angel."

TRIED.

LISLE MERCUR went home early this evening. Little Pet had said good-by, after dinner, with great heavy eyes that followed him all the way to the bank, and kept reminding him of some they had once closed in death in that same household.

Willie was buried just three years ago to-morrow. The father went lightly up the stairs, straight on his way to the nursery. As he turned at the head of the staircase, Mrs. Mercur stepped out of her dressing-room door into the blaze of the hall lights, elegantly arrayed for an evening party. She paused in surprise at seeing her husband home so early. Pretty and piquant as she stood before him, her delicate beauty, as soft and ethereal as the dress she wore, quite dispelled the stern expression on his lips; and the reproach in his tones died down to simple surprise, as he asked:

"Are you going out to-night, Fanny?"

"Yes. Why not?" she inquired, in her fluttering, girlish way.

"Your baby, dear," the husband said, in a sad, reproving voice.

"Pshaw, Lisle, she's only a little unwell; and Lette will sit by her. She says the child is fond of her, and begs of me to go and enjoy myself. She is thoughtful for me," the young wife added, casting a reproachful glance at the earnest face, looking with sure, disappointed inquiry into hers. "She says I must not shut myself up like a nun."

"Do you think your French maid cares more for you than I do, Fanny?"

The small hands worked uneasily, opening and shutting her fan. She was always lost when this strong man's love spoke to her in this twofold, unappealable way. So she ignorantly pushed aside the steadying hand that would have guided her into beautiful womanhood, and said, the least bit peevishly:

"Come, Lisle, don't be always making me solemn. Say good-night and kiss me, and tell me to go and be happy."

The husband bent over and kissed the red lips held up coaxingly to his, and encircling the slight waist for a moment with his arm, said in his deep, sad way:

"Go and be happy, Fanny."

She glided down the stairs and sprang into the carriage waiting for her at the door, but could not shake off the strange feeling that her husband's manner had inspired, until fairly launched into the brilliant whirl of giddy enjoyment at Mrs. Grange's. Lisle Mercur watched her graceful, retreating figure until it went out of sight. As the front door closed after her he turned heavily, with the great want his beautiful wife so lightly comprehended, and walked to the nursery door. It stood slightly ajar. A little querulous voice kept repeating,

"No, no; Pet wants Flynn."

"'Sh-'sh. Lette's here. Lette's better than Flynn."

Pet turned on the pillow and looked at the fussy French girl with childish incredulity.

"Pet wants Flynn."

Lette was becoming annoyed at the child's persistency, and pushed her chair back impatiently.

Mr. Mercur was about to open the door and go in, when he heard a rustle at the foot of Pet's bed, and a pale, weary-faced woman glided in from a room adjoining the nursery, and stooped over the restless child. Her lips touched the hot cheek, and two fat arms went round her neck, like love chains from an angel's heart. Pet was quiet now. She needed no hushing. The touch of Flynn's cool hand was always enough for her. Lette went bustling stiffly through the door at the foot of the crib. After a while Flynn unlocked the fingers clasped about her neck, and holding them in her own, sat down by the bedside and looked at the head nestled on the dainty pillow. Her white, illegible face was partially turned toward the hall door, where Lisle Mercur stood with a father's pardonable curiosity. He had always regarded his young sister's governess as a calm, gentle woman, with soul enough for her position. To-night he caught a glimpse of something more. That strange power toward which childhood leaps instinctively, watched, unslumbering, self-guarded in her steady gaze; thrilled in the low sure utterance of her conscious words. Asserted itself in her lightest touch. Lisle Mercur saw why *his* child wanted Flynn. She was one of those women who, when one once knows them, breathe poetry to the very elements, even though they shrink from talking or singing it. To such, it must not go through many hands, all dabbing at its freshness. So she took to this fair child, and whispered her sweet thoughts to her. And they grew so quietly and naturally together, that even the close-sighted father never knew of the union, until this night when accident showed him Pet's companionship. And his pretty wife flashed back in his face the truth, that as for spiritual communion he was alone.

Pet lay so still he thought she must be falling asleep. Then he heard her say, softly,

"Mamma's gone, Flynn."

Flynn smiled.

"Mamma was pretty."

"Mamma was very pretty," Flynn said.

"Why didn't God make Flynn prettier?"

"God knew," Flynn said, reverently; and the child raised her eyes as she did in prayer. They came back brightly again.

"Mamma wore beautiful flowers!"

"Where?" asked Flynn.

"Here." And the little hands went together over Pet's bosom.

"Pet's Flynn's flower."

The sweet face brightened with a mischievous smile.

"Wear yours where mamma wears hers."

Flynn understood. She gathered the little form up in her arms, and pressed it close to her loving woman's heart. This bud she was nurturing would open one day into Flynn's beautiful blossom—not mamma's.

So thought papa, as he waited outside the door, while the pale governess walked the nursery floor with the burden on her breast, and at last laid it down, sleeping, on the bed. Then he went back to his room and waited for mamma. She came home long after midnight, and slept late into the next morning. When she met her husband at dinner, she said in her childish way, quite exultingly,

"I knew Pet would be well enough off. Lette said she was quiet, and slept well."

The father thought of weary feet going to and fro inside the nursery, and the low lullaby hummed softly in his baby's ear. Thinking of the subtle music of this woman's voice, he forgot what mamma was saying, or that she was there. So no revelations were made.

Mrs. Mercur grew feverishly fond of excitement and party-going. Her husband's remonstrances were unheeded; and at last, growing weary of her weak accusations, and insinuating comparisons of his conduct and Lette's, he gave up the attempt of restraining her, until he saw that her health was rapidly giving way. Then he plead with her, gently but earnestly. She laughed at his fears, and turned to the pleasures she was madly pursuing with renewed eagerness. Duty urged him to more decided action. He led her to her mirror one morning, after a night of dissipation, and bade her confront the sunken cheeks and great glassy eyes, staring back in her face like a solemn warning. She gazed for a moment like one transfixed, and the truth fastened slowly on her unwilling consciousness. She could not bear it. She turned fiercely toward him, and, with a wild gesture, almost shrieked, "Stop your idle prating. I will live while I do live."

The end of her race was reached at last, and she lay down to die. It was a grim place she was verging on. The phantoms and shadows were all passed. The real chasm, the genuine gloom, were just outside. Should she go back, seeking aid of the pleasure-haunters, through this place they had led her to? Ah! they were cheerless guides now.

"I am dying, Lisle," she whispered, hoarsely. He gathered her cold hands in his warm ones, but he could not remove the chill.

"I am dying, Lisle!" she shrieked, piteously. He bowed his head over her pillow till his lips touched her damp forehead; but they had no comfort for her here.

"Help me, my husband!"

He could have helped her once. He could only turn, in his deep distress, and groan now. A quick thought flashed through him hopefully. "Shall I call Flynn?"

The dying eyes looked up imploringly. She came in, white and marble-like, as she who lay there in her last agony would be soon. Lisle could not see the eyes, in which he longed to read if there were hope of comfort for his wife, the lids lay down so heavily on her cheeks.

Fanny turned to her, with a wild plea in every lineament of her suffering face.

"Help me, Flynn!"

"God must do that," said a firm, sustaining voice, close in her failing ear.

"Where is He?" gasped the whitening lips.

"Here, Fanny—closer than I can come to you."

"If I could see Him! if I could feel Him!" she cried, clingingly, as if reaching out in the dark.

"Call Him as you call me. Ask Him to help you as you ask me. He loves you better than I, Fanny. He can go further than I. He is right here. Can't you see Him? can't you feel Him?" said the low voice, in tones that thrilled one with the consciousness of an invisible presence.

The look of terror went from the ghastly face, and the faint shadow of a coming smile paused on the dying lips that only had breath to say,

"Y—e—s."

She was gone where they could do no more for her.

Lisle Mercur left Pet with Flynn, and went abroad. Two years passed, and he did not return. Then came a letter, saying he would sail in two days more, in the *Solitaire*.

Toward the close of the summer, just at twilight one evening, they two sat alone in the window-seat of the library, looking at the old light-house far up the beach on the Rocky Point.

"It looks ugly—don't it, Flynn?"

"Yes," said Flynn, thoughtfully. "It looks lonely, and bare, and grim, in the daylight; but how was it last night?"

Pet remembered how the storm raged and the sea roared all night, and how she clung to Flynn, wild with fear lest they should all, home, sea, and winds, be whirled together in terrible destruction. Then, shining in through the chamber window, gleamed that solitary light from the old tower, and Flynn said,

"Look, child, what is it like?"

"Like a star of hope, isn't it, Flynn?"

Flynn said, Yes, and hoped it might be such to those at sea. She did not whisper the dreadful fear she had in her heart—that a vessel, homeward bound, might go down that dismal night. She soothed the little head that might be fatherless, and wove that in her prayers.

Later in the evening came a messenger saying the *Solitaire* had foundered in the storm the night before, and it was reliably reported that all on board had perished. Almost within sight of home! Flynn had learned to bear cruel tidings. So no one knew how she felt. The servants gathered, whispering, in the hall. She went out, and bade them disperse, in a husky voice, until Pet was asleep. The lamps were not lighted, and they could not see her pallid face.

She took the child to her chamber, and sat beside her until she was asleep. Then she moved like a statue down the stairs into the presence of the cowering servants, who were waiting as if by instinct for her commands.

"We will have no lights to-night," she said, in a voice that thrilled through darkness. "Let all retire, and the house be quiet. To-morrow will be soon enough." There was no need to say for what it would be soon enough, and they went from her presence awe-stricken and oppressed with gloom. When they were all gone she went back to the window-seat in the library, where she had been sitting with Pet, and kneeling down, buried her face in the cushions. The murmur of the waves breaking softly on the beach came in at the open window.

Lisle Mercur had sailed a week in advance of the *Solitaire*, contrary to his expectations when he wrote. When the news of that vessel's wreck reached his family he was already impatiently moving toward home. It was still comparatively early in the evening when he alighted from the coach in front of his own house. Surprised at finding it closed and dark, he went around toward the back part of the premises, intending to arouse one of the servants. As he passed the library window he observed it was open, and springing to the low balcony, he was going in when something suddenly arrested his attention. Stooping over to examine more closely, he was startled by the sight of a human face half buried in the crimson cushions. Just then the moon came from under a cloud, and shone full upon the object at which he stood gazing with deep perplexity. He saw now that it was Flynn half kneeling, half reclining, as if she had fallen asleep in the midst of prayer.

He called her softly by name, but she did not move. Then he spoke in a louder voice, almost roughly, but there came no response. He grew alarmed. The strong man shook like an aspen. He raised her head reverently, tenderly, and laid it against his bosom, smoothing back the wavy, ruffled hair, and gazing fondly in the face he had looked upon ignorantly, unappreciatingly, times without number. How precious it seemed to him then, as he groaned aloud, "Great God, have I come back for this!" He thought she was dead—that a new and deeper desolation than he had yet known was upon him.

As he gazed the nostrils slowly dilated, the thin lips parted, and those dark mysterious eyes opened full on his. The sea-breeze, the murmur of the waves were not strange to her; the moonlight coming in at the open window—all this was natural; but this face with its passionate energy, this breast against which she was held so tightly, what did it mean? She would see what it meant; so she made a strong effort and sat upright. She had passed through a great agony, she had dreamed a short, sweet dream. It was over now, and she must go back to her self-sustenance. In a moment of mutual silence she called up her old habit of calmness, and said, as firmly as her weakness would permit her to,

"We feared you were drowned."

"I knew you would, and hurried home on that account."

"The servants are horror-stricken; but, thank Heaven! Pet is spared what I feared she must know soon."

"Flynn"—the pale face turned so that the moonlight would not strike it so broadly—"did any one else grieve for me?"

She trembled visibly, and tried to say something verging close on propriety.

"Spare me this, Flynn," he said, pleadingly. "Come down from this distance at which I have viewed you, and tell me for once what I ask."

"How far would you have me come?" she asked with quiet significance that he understood at once.

"Not beyond the borders of female delicacy. I forgot in the intensity of the moment that I had not met you there with a broad avowal of my love—love such as men seldom give to women, Flynn."

She looked at him as if to comprehend his meaning, and said, musingly,

"I have wandered so long I am lost now."

"Come home, Flynn," he said, reaching out his arms to her. "Lay your head where it lay helplessly a moment since. Trust me. Be mine."

Her head drooped where it was to rest henceforth.

"Tell me why you knelt here like one dead."

"For you," she said, shivering. "I thought you were dead."

"Then you loved me?"

"Oh, Lisle!" The fervor of her words thrilled through his soul.

"How long has this been, Flynn?"

"Since I came here as your sister's governess."

He started suddenly.

"Before Fanny?"

"Yes," said a voice tinged with long-borne sorrow.

"Flynn, Flynn, you have suffered!"

She smiled a smile born of deep, soul struggles.

"It has not been in vain." The mask was all off now. Lisle Mercur saw the loving, purified character shining through the face he held to his lips.

"You shall suffer no more alone, darling."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A POOR son of the Emerald Isle applied for employment to an avaricious hunk, who told him that he should employ no more Irishmen, "for the last one died on my hands, and I was forced to bury him at my own charge." "Ah, yer Honor," said Pat, brightening up, "and is that all? Then you'll give me the place, for sure I can get a certificate that I never died in the employ of any master I iver served."

A company of young ladies lately discussed this question—"What is the great duty of man?" One of them, dressed *à la mode* from head to foot, contended that it was to pay milliners' bills. This was agreed to without a dissenting voice.

"WHAT," asked the schoolmaster, "is the term applied to the crime of possessing two wives at one time?"

"Bigamy," replied the scholar.

"And if there be more than two, what should you call it?"

The scholar reflected a moment, then chancing to cast his eyes upon a map of Utah that decorated the wall, he smiled, and confidently answered,

"Brighamy, Sir!"

A lawyer was once pleading a case in court before the full bench. The chief justice whispered in his neighbor's ear, but loud enough to be heard by others, "I'll wager he lies." The lawyer, not in the least disconcerted, drew his purse from his pocket, and laying it on the bar exclaimed, "Put down your money—I take the bet!"

A young man, rather verdant and very sentimental, while making himself interesting to a young lady the other evening by quoting from the poets, to the other choice and rare extracts he added, "There is no place like home." "Do you really think so?" said the young lady. "Oh yes," was the reply. "Then," said muslin, "why don't you stay there?"

In Lady Morgan's Memoirs a story is told of a gentleman who was denouncing a certain bishop, and concluded a violent philippic by declaring that his lordship was so heretical in church observances that he would "eat a horse on Ash Wednesday!" "Of course he would," said a friend of the bishop's; "of course he would, if it was a *fast* horse!"

A few years ago a little fellow was taken by his father to a carpenter to be bound apprentice, after the fashion of the old times. In settling the business the master, who was one of the hard kind, observed: "Well, my boy, I suppose you can eat almost any thing, can't you? I always make my boys live on what they don't like." "I love every thing but minth and apple pieth," lisped the boy.

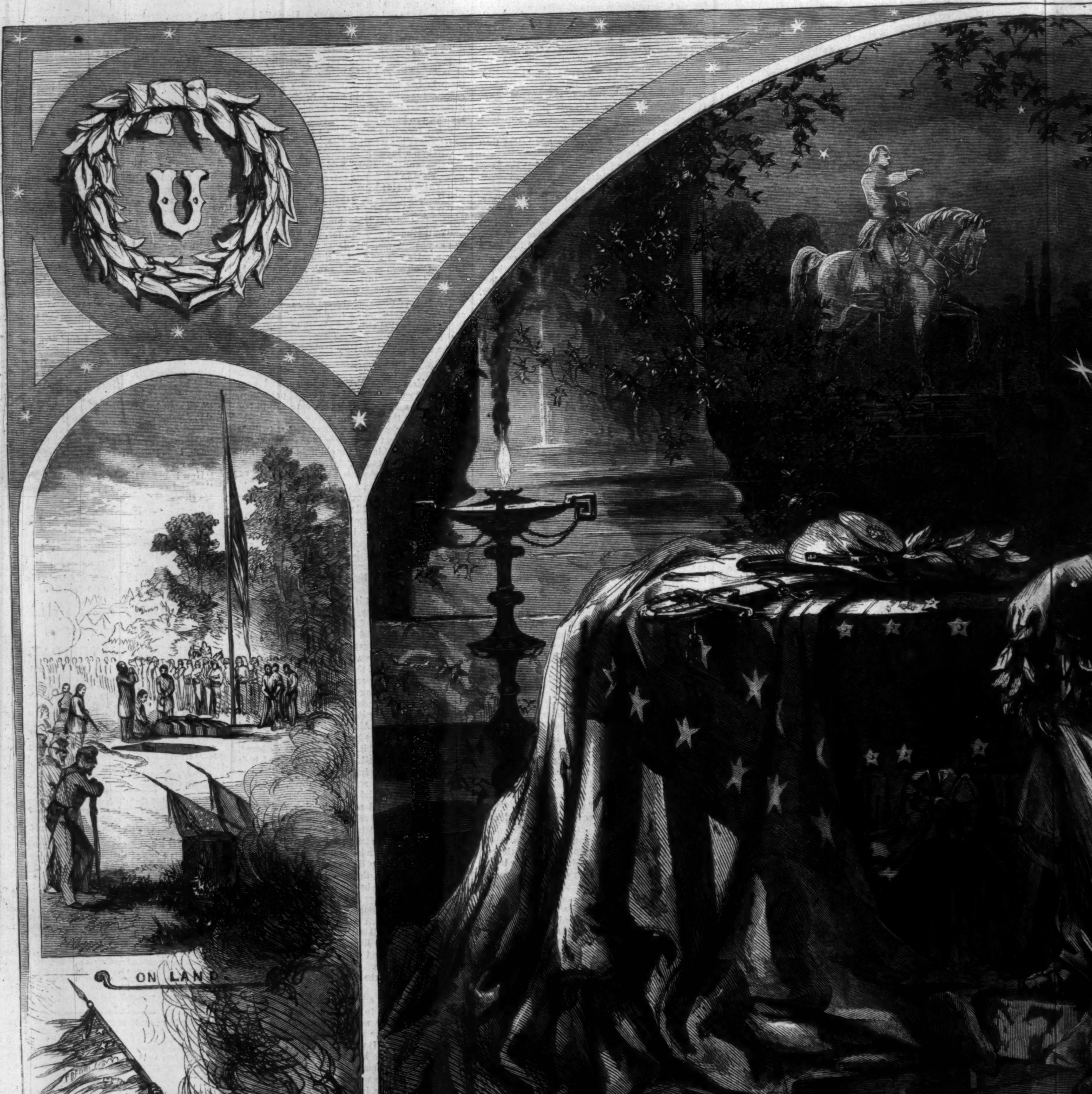
A West-end tradesman, who for two years had vainly tried to get paid for a dozen of cravats which a young fop, suspected of living a little at the expense of confiding tradesmen, had bought of him, at last sent his bill for "A dozen fancy satin policemen." "What does this mean?" asked the fop. "What are satin policemen?" "They are doubtless your cravats," was the reply, "because they take a thief by the throat every morning."

In ancient Egypt a custom is said to have prevailed, which certainly appears to us rather a singular one—that the husband, on his marriage, vowed honor and obedience to his wife, instead of, with us, the wife to the husband. It was in reference to this custom, by-the-way, that the remark was made by a wit, that he had often heard of Egyptian bondage, but never knew what it was before.

"Talk of raining cats and dogs," said Dr. Spooner, in a late shower, as he made the fifth ineffectual attempt to hail a driver, "it's nothing to hailing omnibuses."

Old Sir James Herring was remonstrated with for not rising earlier. "I can make up my mind to it," said he, "but I can not make up my body."

Cobbett, in one of his "Rural Rides," says, "I saw no corn standing in ricks; a thing I never saw before, and would not have believed it had I not seen it." The matter-of-fact apostle never found out the bull he had made.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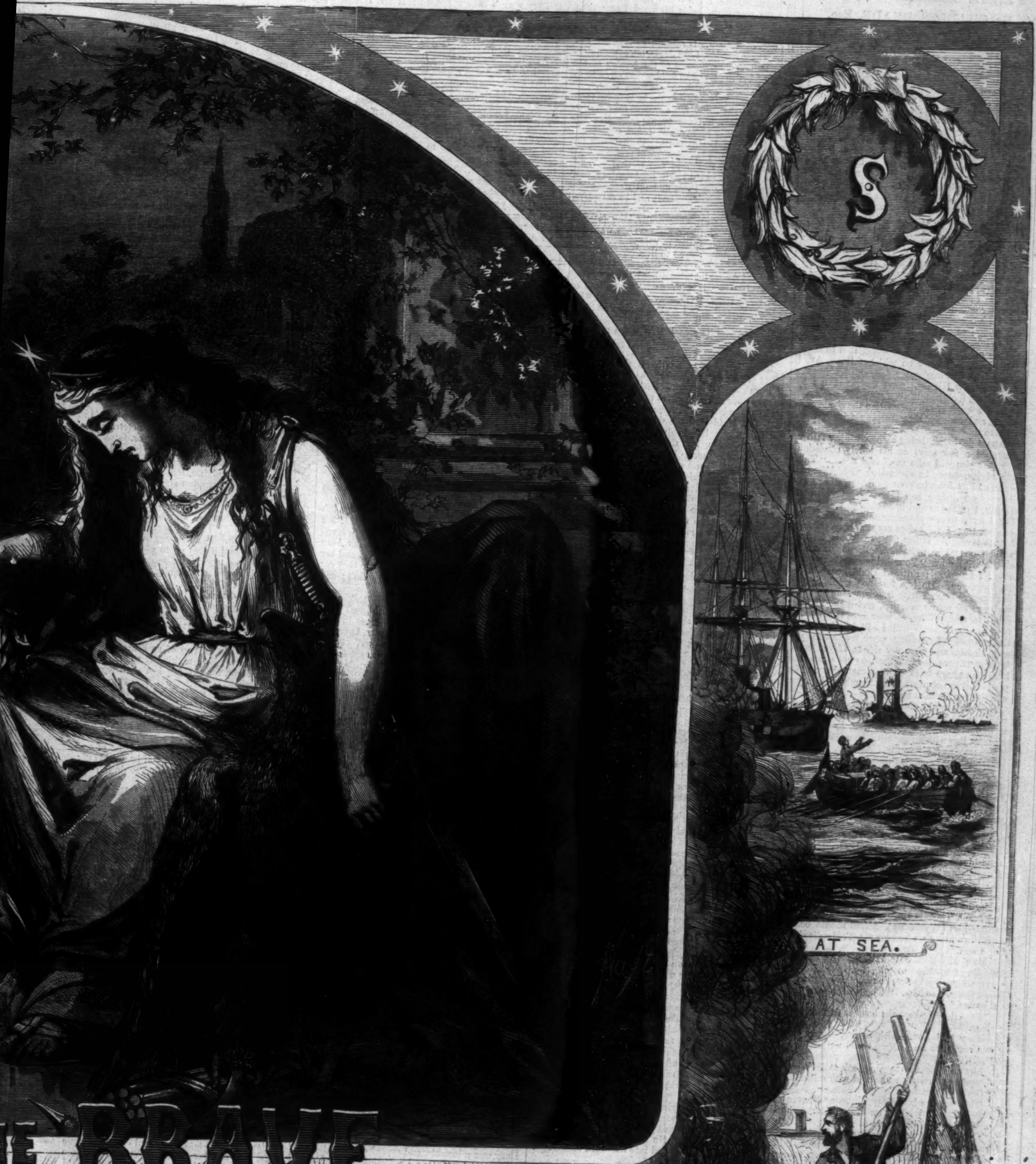
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BULL
AT SEA.

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

DR. SHORT arrived, approved Dr. Phillips's treatment, and said the case was severe but not hopeless, and he would call again. A bed was prepared in the house for Mr. Hardie: but neither he nor any of the Dodds closed an eye that sorrowful night.

About midnight, after a short slumber, the sufferer became uneasy, and begged to be left with Julia. Julia was sent for, and found her a good deal excited. She inquired more than once if they were quite alone, and then asked for paper and a pencil. She wrote a few lines and made Julia put them in a cover and seal them. "Now, dear friend," she said, "promise me not to open this, nor even to let your mother; it is not for your happiness that what I have written should be seen by her or you; no, no, much better not. Come; dear friend, pledge me your honor." Julia pledged her honor.

Then Jane wrote on the cover, "From a dying sister." Julia saw that; and wept sore.

Jane comforted her. "Do not weep for me, love: I am content to go, or stay. This is not my doing; so I know it must be for the best. He is leading me by a way that I know not. Oh my beloved friend, how sweet it is to lie in His hands, and know no will but His. Ay, I thank Him for crossing my will, and leading me to himself by His own good way, and not by poor blind, foolish, mine."

In this spirit of full resignation she abode constant, and consoled her weeping friends from time to time, whenever she was quite herself.

About daybreak, being alone with her father, she shed a few tears at his lonely condition. "I fear you will miss me," said she. "Take my advice, dear; be reconciled with Alfred at once, and let Julia be your daughter, since I am leaving you. She is all humility and heart. Dying, I prize her and her affection more highly; I seem to see characters clearer, all things clearer, than I did before my summons came."

The miserable father tried to be playful and scold her: "You must not talk nor think of death," he said. "Your bridal-day is to come first; I know all; Edward Dodd has told me he loves you. He is a fine noble fellow; you shall marry him: I wish it. Now, for his sake, summon all your resolution, and make up your mind to live. Why, at your age, it needs but to say, 'I will live, I will, I will;' and when all the prospect is so smiling, when love awaits you at the altar, and on every side! If you could leave your poor doting father, do not leave your lover: and here he is with his mother crying for you. Let me comfort him; let me tell him you will live for his sake and mine."

Even this could not disturb the dying Christian. "Dear Edward," she said; "it is sweet to know he loves me. Ah, well, he is young; he must live without me till I become but a tender memory of his youth. And oh, I pray for him that he may cherish the words I have spoken to him for his soul's good, far longer than he can remember these features that are hastening to decay."

At ten in the morning Mr. Hardie's messenger returned without Alfred, and with a note from Dr. Wycherley to this effect: that the order for Alfred's admission into his asylum being signed by Mr. Thomas Hardie, he could not send him out even for a day except on Thomas Hardie's authority; it would be a violation of the law. Under the circumstances, however, he thought he might venture to receive that order by telegraph. If then Mr. Hardie would telegraph Thomas Hardie in Yorkshire to telegraph him (Wycherley), Alfred should be sent with two keepers wherever Mr. T. Hardie should so direct.

Now Mr. Hardie had already repented of sending for Alfred at all. So, instead of telegraphing to Yorkshire, he remained passive, and said sullenly to Mrs. Dodd, "Alfred can't come it seems."

Thus Routine kept the brother from his dying sister.

They told Jane, with aching hearts, there was reason to fear Alfred could not arrive that day.

She only gave a meaning look at Julia, about the paper; and then she said with a little sigh, "God's will be done."

This was the last disappointment Heaven allowed Earth to inflict on her; and the shield of Faith turned its edge.

One hour of pain, another of delirium, and now the clouds that darken this mortal life seemed to part and pass, and Heaven to open full upon her. She spoke of her coming change no longer with resignation; it was with rapture. "Oh!" she cried, "to think that from this very day I shall never sin again, shall never again offend Him by unholy temper, by un-Christ-like behavior!"

The strong and healthy wept and groaned aloud; but she they sorrowed for was all celestial bliss. In her lifetime she had her ups and downs of religious fervor; was not without feverish heats, and cold misgivings and depression; but all these fled at that dread hour when the wicked are a prey to dark misgivings, or escape into apathy. This timid girl, that would have screamed at a scratch, met the King of Terrors with smiles and triumph. For her the grave was Jordan, and death was but the iron gate of life everlasting. Mors janua vitæ. Yet once or twice she took herself to ta[illegible]: but only to show she knew what the All-Pu[illegible] had forgiven her. "I often was wanting [illegible]" she said. "I almost think that if sent back again into this world of sin and sorrow I am leaving behind, I should grow a little in humility; for I know the ripe Christian is like the ripe corn, holds his head lower than when he was green; and the grave it seems to be ripening *me*. But what does it matter? since He who died for me is content to take me as I am. Come quickly, Lord Jesus, oh, come quickly! Relieve Thy servant of the burden of the flesh, and of the sins and foibles that cling to it, and keep her these many years from Thee."

This prayer was granted; the body failed more and more; she could not swallow even a drop of wine; she could not even praise Her Redeemer: that is to say, she could not speak. Yet she lay and triumphed. With hands put together in prayer, and eyes full of praise and joy unspeakable, she climbed fast to God. While she so mounted in the spirit, her breath came at intervals unusually long, and all were sent for to see Death conquer the body and be conquered by the soul.

At last, after an unnaturally long interval, she drew a breath like a sigh. They waited for another; waited, waited in vain.

She had calmly ceased to live.

The old doctor laid down her hand reverently, and said, "She is with us no more." Then with many tears, "Oh, may we all meet where she is now, and may I go to her the first!"

Richard Hardie was led from the room in a stupor.

Immediately after death all the disfiguring effect of pain retired, and the happy soul seemed to have stamped its own celestial rapture on the countenance at the moment of leaving it; a rapture so wonderful, so divine, so more than mortal calm, irradiated the dead face. The good Christians she left behind her looked on and feared to weep, lest they should offend Him, who had taken her to Himself, and set a visible seal upon the house of clay that had held her. "Oh, mamma," cried Julia with fervor, "look! look! Can we, dare we, wish that angel back to this world of misery and sin?" And it was some hours before she cooled, and began to hang on Edward's neck and weep his loss and hers, as weep we mortals must, though the angels of Heaven are rejoicing.

Thus died in the flower of her youth, and by what we call a violent death, the one child Richard Hardie loved; member of a religious party whose diction now and then offends one to the soul; but the root of the matter is in them; allowance made for those passions, foibles, and infirmities of the flesh, even you and I are not entirely free from, they live fearing God; and die loving Him.

There was an inquest next day, followed in due course by a public trial of James Maxley. But these are matters which, though rather curious and interesting, must be omitted, or touched hereafter and briefly.

The effect of Jane's death on Richard Hardie was deplorable. He saw the hand of Heaven; but did not bow to it: so it filled him with rage, rebellion, and despair. He got his daughter away and hid himself in the room with her; scarcely stirring out by night or day. He spoke to no one; he shunned the Dodds: he hated them. He said it was through visiting their house she had met her death, and at their door. He would not let himself see it was he who had sent her there with his lie. He loathed Alfred, calling him the cause of all.

He asked nobody to the funeral: and, when Edward begged permission to come, he gave a snarl like a wild beast and went raging from him. But Edward *would* go: and at the grave side pitying Heaven relieved the young fellow's choking heart with tears: but no such dew came to that parched old man, who stood on its other side like the withered Archangel, his eyes gloomy and wild, his white cheek plowed deep with care and crime and anguish, his lofty figure bowed by his long warfare, his soul burning and sickening by turns, with hatred and rebellion, with desolation and despair.

He went home and made his will; for he felt life hang on him like lead, and that any moment he might kill himself to be rid of it. Strange to say, he left a sum of money to Edward Dodd. A moment before, he didn't know he was going to do it: a moment after, he was half surprised he had done it, and minded to undo it; but would not take the trouble. He went up to London, and dashed into speculation as some in their despair take to drink. For this man had but two passions; avarice, and his love for his daughter. Bereaved of her he must either die or live for gain. He sought the very cave of Mammon; he plunged into the Stock Exchange.

When Mr. Hardie said, "Alfred can't come it seems," Mrs. Dodd misunderstood him, naturally enough. She thought the heartless young man had sent some excuse; had chosen to let his sister die neglected rather than face Julia: "As if she would leave her own room while *he* was in my house," said Mrs. Dodd, with sovereign contempt. From this moment she conceived a horror of the young man. Edward shared it fully, and the pair always spoke of him under the title of "the Wretch:" this was when Julia was not by. In her presence he was never mentioned. By this means she would in time forget him, or else see him as they saw him.

And as, after all, they knew little to Mr. Hardie's disadvantage, except what had come out of "the Wretch's" mouth, and as moreover their hearts were softened [illegible] the father by his bereavement, and [illegible] his misery, and [illegible] grateful [illegible] quite acquitted him of having robbed them, and felt sure the fourteen thousand pounds was at the bottom of the sea.

They were a little surprised that Mr. Hardie never spoke nor wrote to them again; but being high-minded, and sweet-tempered, they set it down to all-absorbing grief, and would not feel sore about it.

And now they must leave the little villa where they had been so happy, and so unhappy.

The scanty furniture went first; Mrs. Dodd followed, and arranged it in their apartments. Julia would stay behind to comfort Edward, inconsolable herself. The auction came off. Most of the things went for cruelly little money compared to their value: and with the balance the sad young pair came up to London, and were clasped in their mother's arms. The tears were in her tender eyes. "It is a poor place to receive my treasures," she said: Edward looked round astonished; "It was a poor place," said he, "but you have made a little palace of it, somehow or another."

"My children's love can alone do that," replied Mrs. Dodd, kissing them both again.

Next day they consulted together how they were to live. Edward wished to try and get his father into a public asylum; then his mother would have a balance to live upon out of her income. But Mrs. Dodd rejected this proposal with astonishment. In vain Edward cited the '*Tiser* that public asylums are patterns of comfort, and cure twice as many patients as the privates ones do. She was deaf alike to the '*Tiser* and to statistics. "Do not argue me out of my common sense," said she. "My husband, your father, in a public asylum, where any body can go and stare at my darling!"

She then informed them she had written to her Aunt Bazalgette and her Uncle Fountain, and invited them to contribute something toward David's maintenance.

Edward was almost angry at this. "Fancy asking favors of *them*," said he.

"Oh, I must not sacrifice my family to false pride," said Mrs. Dodd; "besides, they are entitled to know."

While waiting for their answers, a word about the parties, and their niece.

Our Mrs. Dodd, born Lucy Fountain, was left at nineteen to the care of two guardians: 1, her Uncle Fountain, an old bachelor, who loved comfort, pedigree, and his own way; 2, her Aunt Bazalgette, who loved flirting, dressing, and her own way; both charming people, when they got their own way; verjuice, when they didn't; and egotists deep as ocean.

From guardians they grew match-makers and rivals by proxy: Uncle schemed to graft Lucy on to a stick called Talboys, that came in with the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, known in pedigrees as "the Norman Conquest." Aunt, wife of a merchant of no Descent, except from a high stool, devoted her to Richard Hardie. An unlooked-for obstacle encountered both: Lucy was not amorous. She loved these two egotists, and their quadrupeds; but there she stopped dead short. They persisted; and, while they pulled her to and fro and ruffled her native calm, David Dodd, first mate of the Something or other, East Indiaman—brown cheek, honest speech, heart of gold—fell deep in love and worshiped her at a distance. His timidity and social insignificance made him harmless; so egotist Fountain had him in to dessert to spin yarns; egotist Bazalgette invited him to her house to flirt with. At this latter place he found Hardie and Talboys both courting Lucy; this drove him mad, and in his fury he popped. Lucy declined him secundum artem: he went away blessing her, with a manly sob or two. Lucy cried a little and took a feminine spite against his rivals, who remained to pester her. Now Talboys, spurred by uncle, had often all but popped: only some let, hindrance, or just impediment had still interposed: once her pony kept prancing at each effort he made toward Hymen; they do say the subtle virgin kept probing the brute with a hair pin, and made him caracole and spill the treacle as fast as it came her way. However, now Talboys, elected to pop by sea. It was the element his ancestors had invaded fair England by; and on its tranquil bosom a lover is safe from prancing steeds, and the myriad antipops of terra firma. Miss Lucy consented to the water excursion demurely, designing to bring her sickly wooer to the point, and so get rid of him for ever and ever. Plot and counterplot were baffled by the elements: there came an antipop out of the southwest called a gale. Talboys boated so skillfully that he and his intended would have been united without ceremony by Father Nep, at the bottom of the British Channel, but for David Dodd, who was hovering near in jealous anguish and a cutter. He saved them both, but in the doing of it missed his ship, and professional ruin faced him. Then good-hearted Lucy was miserable, and appealed to Mr. Bazalgette, and he managed somehow to get David made captain of the *Rajah*. The poor girl thought she had squared the account with David; but he refused the ship unless she would go halves, and while her egotists bullied and vexed her, he wrought so upon her pity, and teased her so, that to get rid of his importunity she married him. In time she learned to love him ten times better than if she had begun all flames. Uncle and aunt cut her tolerably dead for some years; Uncle came round the first; some antiquarian showed him that Dodd was a much more ancient family than Talboys. "Why, Sir, they were lords of sixteen manors under the Heptarchy, and hold some of them to this day." Mrs. Bazalgette, too, had long corresponded with her periodically, and on friendly terms.

The answers came on the same day, curiously enough. Uncle Fountain, ruined by railway speculation, was living on an allowance from creditors; but his house was at their service if they liked to live with him—and board themselves.

Mrs. Bazalgette's was the letter of a smooth woman who has hoarded imperishable spite. She reminded her niece after all these years that her marriage with David was an act of disobedience and ingratitude. She then enumerated her own heavy expenses, all but the £400 a year she spent in bedizening her carcass, and finally, amidst a multitude of petty insults, she offered to relieve Mrs. Dodd of—Julia. Now Poetry has reconciled us to an asp in a basket of figs; but here was a scorpion in a bundle of nettles. Poor Mrs. Dodd could not speak after reading it. She handed it to Edward, and laid her white forehead wearily in her hand. Edward put the letter in an envelope, and sent it back with a line in his own hand declining all correspondence with the writer.

"Now then, dears," said he, "don't be cast down. Let this be a warning to us never to ask favors of any body. Let us look the thing in the face; we must work or starve: and all the better for us. Hard work suits heavy hearts. Come, have you any plan?"

"To be sure we have," said Julia, eagerly. "I mean to go for a governess, and then I shall cost mamma nothing, and besides I can send her the money the people give me."

"A pretty plan!" said Edward, sadly; "what! we three part company? Don't you feel lonely enough without that? I do, then. How can we bear our burdens at all, if we are not to be all together to cheer one another along the weary road? What! are we to break up? Is it not enough to be bereaved?"

He could say no more for the emotion his own words caused him; he broke down altogether, and ran out of the room.

However, he came back in an hour with his eyes red, but his heart indomitable, determined to play a man's part for all their sakes. "You ladies," said he, with something of his old genial way that sounded so strange to one looking at his red eyes, and inspired a desire to hug him, "are full of talent, but empty of invention. The moment you are ruined, or that sort of thing, it is *go* for a governess, *go* for a companion, *go* here, *go* there, in search of what? Independence? No; Dependence. Besides, all this *going* is bosh. Families are strong if they stick together, and if they go to pieces they are weak. I learned one bit of sense out of that mass of folly they call antiquity, and that was the story of the old bloke with his twelve sons, and fagot to match. 'Break 'em apart,' he said; and each son broke his stick as easy as shelling pease. 'Now break the twelve all tied together:' devil a bit could the duffers break it then. Now we are not twelve, we are but three; easy to break one or two of us apart, but not the lot together. No; nothing but death shall break this fagot, for nothing less shall part us three."

He stood like a colossus, and held out his hands to them; they clung round his neck in a moment, as if to illustrate his words—clung tight, and blessed him for standing so firm and forbidding them to part.

Mrs. Dodd sighed, after the first burst of enthusiastic affection, and said: "If he would only go a step further, and tell us what to do in company."

"Ay, there it is," said Julia. "Begin with me. What can I do?"

"Why, paint."

"What, to sell? Oh dear, my daubs are not good enough for that."

"Stuff! Nothing is too bad to *sell*."

"I really think you might," said Mrs. Dodd; "and I will help you."

"No, no, mamma, I want you for something better than the fine arts. You must go in one of the great grooves: Female vanity: you must be a dress-maker; you are a genius at it."

"My mamma a dress-maker," cried Julia; "oh, Edward, how can you? how dare you? poor, poor mamma!"

"Don't be so impetuous, dear. I think he is right: yes, it is all I am fit for. If ever there was a Heaven-born dress-maker, it's me."

"As for myself," said Edward, "I shall look out for some business in which physical strength goes further than intellectual attainments. Luckily there are plenty such. Breaking stones is one. But I shall try a few others first."

It is easy to settle on a business, hard to get a footing in one. Edward, convinced that the dress-making was their best card, searched that mine of various knowledge, the '*Tiser*, for an opening: but none came. At last one of those great miscellaneous houses in the city advertised for a lady to cut cloaks. He proposed to his mother to go with him. She shrank from encountering strangers. No, she would go to a fashionable dress-maker she had employed some years, and ask her advice. Perhaps Madame Blanch would find her something to do. "I have more faith in the '*Tiser*," said Edward, clinging to his idol.

Mrs. Dodd found Madame Blanch occupied in trying to suit one of those heart-breaking idiots to whom dress is the one great thing, and all things else, sin included, the little ones. She had tried on a scarf three times; and it discontented her when on, and spoiled all else when off. Mrs. Dodd saw, and said obligingly, "Perhaps were I to put it on you could judge better." Mrs. Dodd, you must know, had an admirable art of putting on a shawl or scarf. With apparent nonchalance she settled the scarf on her shapely shoulders so happily, that the fish bit, and the scarf went into its carriage; forty guineas, or so. Madame cast a rapid but ardent glance of gratitude Dodd-ward. The customer began to go, and after fidgeting to the door and back for twenty minutes actually went somehow. Then madame turned round, and said, "I'm sure, ma'am, I am much obliged to you; you sold me that scarf: and it is a pity we couldn't put her on your bust and shoulders, ma'am, then perhaps a scarf might please her. What can I do for you, ma'am?"

Mrs. Dodd blushed, and with subdued agitation told Madame Blanch that this time she was come not to purchase but to ask a favor. Misfortune was heavy on her hand, though not penniless, she was so reduced by her husband's illness and the loss of £14,000 by shipwreck, that she must employ what little talents she had to support her family.

The woman explored her from head to foot to find the change of fortune in some corner of her raiment: but her customer was as well, though plainly, dressed as ever, and still looked an easy-going duchess.

"Could Madame Blanch find her employment in her own line? What talent I have," said Mrs. Dodd, humbly, "lies in that way. I could not cut as well as yourself, of course; but I think I can as well as some of your people."

"That I'll be bound you can," said Madame Blanch, dryly. "But dear, dear, to think of your having come down so. Have a glass of wine to cheer you a bit; do now, that is a good soul."

"Oh no, madam. I thank you; but wine can not cheer me: a little bit of good news to take back to my anxious children, that would cheer me, madam. *Will* you be so good?"

The dress-maker colored and hesitated; she felt the fascination of Dignity donning Humility, and speaking Music: but she resisted. "It won't do, at least here. I shouldn't be mistress in my own place. I couldn't drive you like I'm forced to do the rest; and, then, I should be sure to favor you, being a real lady, which is my taste, and you always will be, rich or poor; and then all my ladies would be on the bile with jealousy.'

"Ah, madam," sighed Mrs. Dodd, "you treat me like a child; you give me sweetmeats, and refuse me food for my family."

"No, no," said the woman, hastily. "I don't say I mightn't send you out some work to do at home."

"Oh, thank you, madam." N.B. The dress-maker had dropped the Madam, so the lady used it now at every word.

"Now stop a bit," said Madame Blanch. "I know a firm that's in want. Theirs is easy work by mine, and they cut up a piece of stuff every two or three days." She then wrote on one of her own cards Messrs. Cross, Fitchett, Copland, and Tylee, 11, 12, 13, and 14, Primrose Lane, City. "Say I recommend you. To tell the truth, an old hand of my own was to come here this very morning about it, but she hasn't kep her time; so this will learn her business doesn't stand still for lie-a-beds to catch it."

Mrs. Dodd put the card in her bosom and pressed the hand extended to her by Madame Zaire Blanch; whose name was Sally White, spinster. She went back to her children and showed them the card, and sank gracefully into a chair, exhausted as much by the agitation of asking favors as by the walk. "Cross, Fitchett, Copland? Why they were in the '*Tiser* yesterday," said Edward: "look at this; a day lost by being wiser than the '*Tiser*."

"I'll waste no more then," said Mrs. Dodd, rising quietly from the chair. They begged her to rest herself first. No, she would not. "I saw this lost by half an hour," said she. "Succeed or fail, I will have no remissness to reproach myself with." And she glided off in her quiet way, to encounter Cross, Fitchett, Copland, and Tylee, in the lane where a primrose was caught growing—six hundred years ago. She declined Edward's company rather peremptorily. "Stay and comfort your sister," said she. But that was a blind; the truth was she could not bear her children to mingle in what she was doing. No, her ambition was to ply the scissors and thimble vigorously, and so enable them to be ladies and gentlemen at large. She being gone, Julia made a parcel of water-color drawings, and sallied forth all on fire to sell them. But, while she was dressing, Edward started on a cruise in search of employment. He failed entirely. They met in the evening, Mrs. Dodd resigned, Edward dogged, Julia rather excited. "Now let us tell our adventures," she said. "As for me, shop after shop declined my poor sketches. They all wanted something about as good, only a little different: nobody complained of the grand fault, and that is their utter badness. At last one old gentleman examined them, and oh! he was so fat; there, round. And he twisted his mouth *so*" (imitating him); "and squinted into them *so*: then I was full of hope; and said to myself, 'Dear mamma and Edward!' And so, when he ended by saying 'No,' like all the rest, I burst out crying like a goose."

"My poor girl," cried Mrs. Dodd, with the tears in her own eyes; "why expose yourself to these cruel rebuffs?"

"Oh, don't waste your pity, mamma; those great babyish tears were a happy thought of mine; he bought two directly to pacify me; and there's the money. Thirty shillings!" And she laid it proudly on the table.

"The old cheat," said Edward; "they were worth two guineas apiece I know."

"Not they; or why would not any body else give two-pence for them?"

"Because pictures are a Drug."

He added that even talent was not salable unless it got into the Great Grooves; and then looked at Mrs. Dodd; she replied that unfortunately those Grooves were not always accessible. The City firm had received her stiffly, and inquired for whom she had worked. "Children, my heart fell at that question. I was obliged to own myself an amateur and beg a trial. However, I gave Madame Blanch's card: but Mr. —I don't know which partner it was—said he was not acquainted with her: then he looked a little embarrassed, I thought, and said the Firm did not care to send its stuff to ladies not in the business; I might cut it to waste, or— He said no more; but I do really think he meant I might purloin it."

"Why wasn't I there to look him into the earth? Oh, mamma, that you should be subjected to all this!"

"Be quiet, child; I had only to put on my armor; and do you know what my armor is? Thinking of my children. So I put on my armor and said quietly, we were not so poor but we could pay for a piece of cloth should I be so unfortunate as to *spoil* it; and I offered in plain terms to deposit the price as security. But he turned as stiff at that as his yard measure; 'that was not Cross and Co.'s way of doing business,' he said. But it is unreasonable to be dejected at a repulse or two: and I am not out of spirits; not much:" with this her gentle mouth smiled; and her patient eyes were moist.

The next day, just after breakfast, was announced a gentleman from the City. He made his bow and produced a parcel, which proved to be a pattern cloak. "Order, ladies," said he, briskly, "from Cross, Fitchett, and Co., Primrose Lane. Porter outside with the piece. You can come in, Sir." Porter entered with a bale. "Please sign this, ma'am." Mrs. Dodd signed a receipt for the stuff, with an undertaking to deliver it in cloaks at 11 Primrose Lane, in such a time. Porter retreated. The other side, "Our Mr. Fitchett wishes you to observe this fall in the pattern. It is new."

"I will, Sir. Am I to trouble you with any money—by way of deposit, Sir?"

"No orders about it, ma'am. Ladies, your most obedient. Good-morning, Sir."

And he was away.

All this seemed like a click or two of City clock-work: followed by rural silence. Yet in that minute commerce had walked in upon genteel poverty, and left honest labor and modest income behind her.

Great was the thankfulness, strange and new the excitement. Edward was employed to set up a very long deal table for his mother to work on, Julia to go and buy tailors' scissors. Calculations were made how to cut the stuff to advantage, and in due course the heavy scissors were heard snick, snick, snicking all day long.

Julia painted zealously, and Edward, without saying a word to them, walked twenty miles a day hunting for a guinea a week, and finding it not. Not but what employment was often bobbed before his eyes: but there was no grasping it. At last he heard of a place peculiarly suited to him—a packing foreman's in a warehouse at Southwark; he went there, and was referred to Mr. A.'s private house. Mr. A. was in the country for a day. Try Mr. B. Mr. B. was dining with the Lord Mayor. Returning belated, he fell in with a fire, and, sad to say, life was in jeopardy: a little old man had run out at the first alarm, when there was no danger, and as soon as the fire was hot had run in again for his stockings or some such treasure. Fire does put out some people's reason, clean. While he was rummaging madly the staircase caught, and the smoke cut off his second exit, and drove him up to a little staircase window at the side of the house. Here he stood, hose in hand, scorching behind and screaming in front. A ladder had been brought; but it was a yard short; and the poor old man danced on the window-ledge and dare not come down to a gallant fireman who stood ready to receive him at great personal peril. In the midst of shrieks, and cries, and shouts of encouragement, Edward, a practiced gymnast, saw a chance. He ran up the ladder like a cat, begged the fireman to clasp it tight, then got on his shoulders and managed to grasp the window-sill: he could always draw his own weight up by his hands: so he soon had his knee on the sill, and presently stood erect. He then put his left arm inside the window, collared the old fellow with his right, and, half persuasion, half force, actually lowered him to the ladder with one Herculean arm amidst a roar that made the Borough ring. Such a strain could not long be endured; but the fireman speedily relieved him by seizing the old fellow's feet and directing them on to the ladder, and so, propping him by the waist, went down before him, and landed him safe. Edward waited till they were down, then begged them to hold the ladder tight below; he hung from the ledge, got his eye well on the ladder below him, let himself quietly drop, and caught hold of it with hands of iron, and twisting round, came down the ladder on the inside hand over head without using his feet, a favorite gymnastic exercise of his, learned at the Modern Athens. He was warmly received by the crowd and by the firemen. "You should be one of us, Sir," said a fine young fellow who had cheered him and advised him all through. "I wish to Heaven I was," said Edward. The other thought he was joking, but laughed, and said, "Then you should talk to our head man after the business; there is a vacancy, you know."

Edward saw the fire out, and rode home on the engine. There he applied to the head man for the vacancy.

"You are a stranger to me, Sir," said the head man. "And I'm sure it is no place for you; you are a gentleman."

"Well; is there any thing ungentlemanly in saving people's lives and property?"

"Hear! hear!" said a comic fireman.

The compliment began to tell, though. Others put in their word. "Why, Mr. Baldwin, if a gentleman ain't ashamed of us, why should we be ashamed of him?"

"Where will ye get a better?" asked another; and added, "He is no stranger; we've seen him work."

"Stop a bit," said the comic fireman: "what does the dog say? Just call him, Sir, if you please; his name is Charlie."

Edward called the fire-dog kindly; he came and fawned on him; then gravely snuffed him all round, and retired wagging his tail gently, as much as to say, "I was rather taken by surprise at first, but, on the whole, I see no reason to recall my judgment."

"It is all right," said the firemen in chorus; and one that had not yet spoken to Edward now whispered him mysteriously, "Ye see that there dog he knows more than we do."

After the dog, a biped oracle at head-quarters was communicated with, and late that very night Edward was actually enrolled a fireman, and went home warmer at heart than he had been for some time. They were all in bed; and when he came down in the morning Julia was reading out of the '*Tiser* a spirited and magniloquent description of a fire in Southwark, and of the heroism displayed by a young gentleman unknown, but whose name the writer hoped at so much the line would never be allowed to pass into oblivion and be forgotten. In short, the '*Tiser* paid him in one column for years of devotion. Now Edward, of course, was going to relate his adventure; but the journal told it so gloriously he hesitated to say, "I did all that." He just sat and stared, and wondered, and blushed, and grinned like an imbecile.

Unfortunately looks seldom escaped the Doddesses. "What is that for?" inquired Julia, reproachfully. "Is that sheepish face the thing to wear when a sister is reading out a heroic action? Oh, these are the things that make one long to be a man, to do them. What *are* you thinking about, dear?"

"Well, I am thinking the '*Tiser* is pitching it rather strong."

"My love, what an expression!"

"Well, then, to be honest, I agree with you that it is a jolly thing to fight with fire and save men's lives; and I am glad you see it in that light; for now you will approve the step I have taken. Ladies, I have put myself in the way of doing this sort of thing every week of my life. I'm a fireman."

"You are jesting, I trust?" said Mrs. Dodd, anxiously.

"No, mamma. I got the place late last night, and I'm to enter on my duties and put on the livery next Monday. Hurrah!"

Instantly the admirers of fiery heroes at a distance overflowed with grief and mortification at the prospect of one in their own family. They could not speak at all at first: and when they did it was only "Cruel! cruel!" from Julia, and "Our humiliation is now complete," from Mrs. Dodd.

They soon dashed Edward's spirits, and made him unhappy; but they could not convince him he had done wrong. However, in the heat of remonstrance, they let out at last that they had just begun to hope by dint of scissors and paint-brush to send him back to Oxford. He also detected, under a cloud of tender, loving, soothing, coaxing, and equivocating expressions, their idea of a Man: to wit, a tall, strong, ornamental creature, whom the women were to cocker up, and pet, and slave for; and be rewarded by basking, dead tired, in an imperial smile or two let fall by their sovereign *protégé* from his arm-chair. And, in fact, good women have often demoralized their idols down to the dirt by this process; to be sure their idols were sorryish clay to begin.

Edward was any thing but flowery, so he paraded no manly sentiments in reply; he just bluntly ridiculed the idea of his consenting to prey on them; and he said, humbly, "I know I can't contribute as much to our *living* as you two can—the petticoats carry the brains in our family—but be a burden to you? Not if I know it."

"Pride! pride! pride!" objected Julia, lifting her grand violet orbs like a pensive Madonna.

"And such pride! The pride that falls into a fire-bucket," suggested prosaic mamma.

"That is cutting," said Edward: "but soyons de notre siècle; flunkyism is on the decline. I'll give you something to put in both your pipes:"

Honor and rank from no condition rise.
Act well thy part; in that the honor lies.

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Dodd, "only first choose your part: and let your choice be reasonable."

"Mine was Hobson's; who never chooses ill. Come, come," said he, and appealed calmly to their reason: by which means he made no impression at all. Then he happened to say, "Besides, I *must* do something; I own to you I am more cast down than I choose to show. Mother, I feel like lead ever since she died." Now on this their faces filled with sympathy directly. So encouraged he went on to say: "but when I got my hand on that old duffer's collar, and lowered him to the ladder, and the fire shot roaring out of the window after him, too late to eat him, and the crowd cheered the fireman and me, I did feel warm about the waistcoat, and, for the first time this ever so long, life seemed not quite ended; I felt there was a little bit of good left that even a poor dunce like me could do, and she could approve; if she can look down and see me, as I hope she can."

"There, there," said Mrs. Dodd, tearfully, "I am disarmed. But, my darling, I do not know what you are talking about: stay; why Edward, surely—I hope—you were not the young gentleman in the paper: the one that risked his life so nobly; so foolishly if it was you."

"Why, mother, didn't I tell you it was me?" said Edward, coloring.

"No, that you did not," said Julia. "Was it? was it? oh do be quick and tell one. There, it was."

"Well it was: ah, I remember now; that splendiferous account shut me up. Oh I say, didn't the '*Tiser* pitch it strong?"

"Not at all," cried Julia, "I believe every word, and ever so much more. Mamma, we have got a hero: and here he is at breakfast with us, like an ordinary mortal." She rose suddenly with a burst of her old fire and fell upon him, and kissed him, and said earnestly how proud she was of him: "and so is mamma; she may say what she likes."

"Proud of him! ah that I am; very proud: and very unhappy. Heroes are my horror. How often and how earnestly have I prayed that my son might not be brave like his father, but stay quietly at home out of harm's way."

Here remonstrance ended: the members of this family, happy by nature, though unhappy by accident, all knew when to yield to each other.

Unfortunately, in proportion as all these excitements, great and small, died, and her life became quiet and uniform, the depth of Julia's wound showed itself more and more. She never sang nor hummed, as she used to do, going about the house. She never laughed. She did burst out with fervid sentiments now and then, but very rarely: on the whole, a pensive languor took the place of her lovely impetuosity. Tears rushed in a moment to her eyes with no visible cause. She often stole to the window, and looked all up and down the street: and, when she was out of doors, she looked down every side street she passed; and sometimes, when a quick light step came behind them, or she saw a tall young gentleman at a great distance, her hand twitched her mother's arm or trembled on it. And always, when they came home, she lingered a moment at the door-step and looked all round before she went in.

At all these signs one half of Mrs. Dodd's heart used to boil with indignation, and the other half melt with pity; for she saw her daughter was looking for "the Wretch." Indeed Mrs. Dodd began to fear she had done unwisely in ignoring "the Wretch;" Julia's thoughts dwelt on him none the less; indeed all the more, as it seemed; so the topic interdicted by tacit consent bade fair to become a barrier between her and Mrs. Dodd, hitherto her bosom friend as well as her mother. This was intolerable to poor Mrs. Dodd: and at last she said one day, "My darling, do not be afraid of me; rob me of your happy thoughts if you will, but oh not of your sad ones."

Julia began to cry directly. "Oh no, mamma," she sobbed, "do not you encourage me in my folly. I know I have thrown away my affections on one who— I shall never see him again: shall I, mamma? Oh to think I can say those words, and yet go living on."

Mrs. Dodd sighed. "And if you saw him, would that mend the chain he has chosen to break?"

"I don't know; but if I could only see him, to part friends! It is cruel to hate him now he has lost his sister; and then I have got her message to give him. And I want to ask him why he was afraid of me; why he could not tell me he had altered his mind: did he think I wanted to have him against his will? Oh, mamma," said she, imploringly, "he seemed to love me; he seemed all truth. I am a poor unfortunate girl."

Mrs. Dodd had only caresses to soothe her with. She could not hold out any hopes.

One day Julia asked her, timidly, if she might be a district visitor: "My dear friend was: and advised me to be one too; but I was willful in those days, and chose to visit by fits and starts, and be independent. I am humbled now a little; may I, mamma? Since she died every word of hers seems a law to me."

Mrs. Dodd assented cordially, as she would to any thing else her wounded one had proposed.

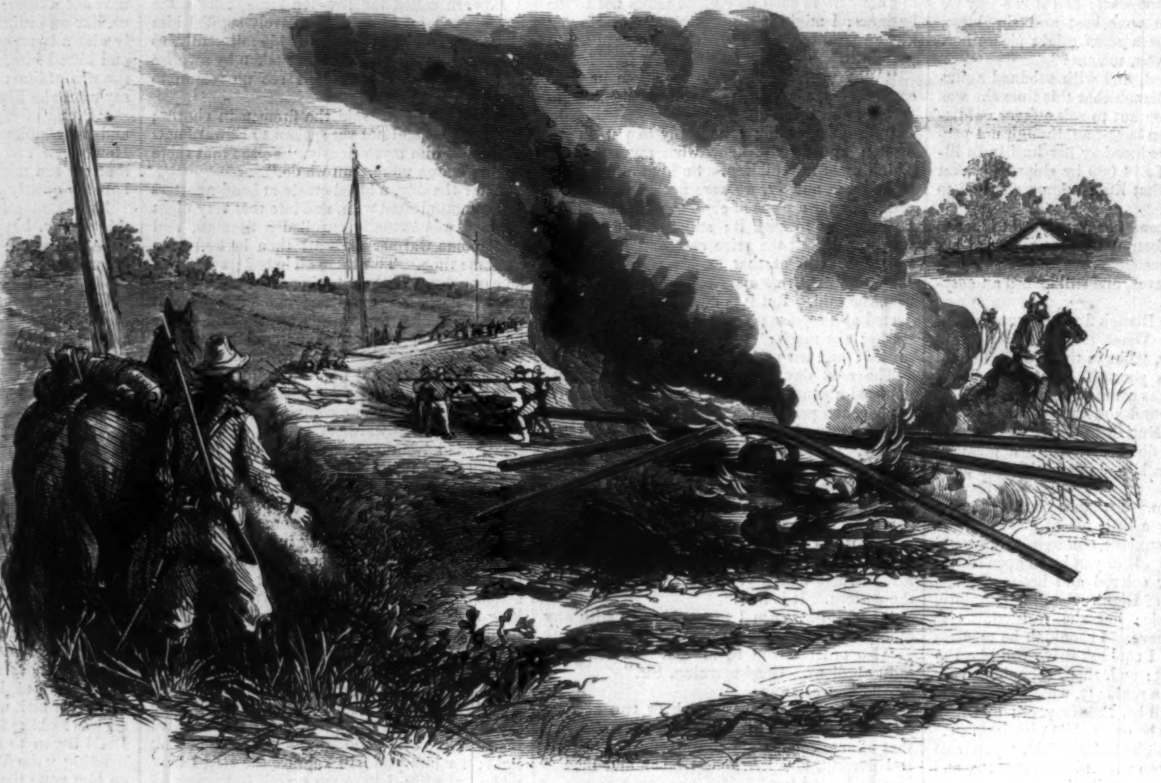
This project brought Julia into communication with the new curate; and who should it prove to be but Mr. Hurd? At sight of him she turned white and red, and the whole scene in the church came back to her. But Mr. Hurd showed considerable tact for so young a man; he spoke to her in accents of deep respect, but confined his remarks strictly to the matter in hand. She told her mother when she got home, and expressed her gratitude to Mr. Hurd, but said she wished they did not live in the same parish with him. This feeling, however, wore off by degrees as her self-imposed duties brought her more and more into contact with him, and showed her his good qualities.

As for Mr. Hurd, he saw and understood her vivid emotion at sight of him; saw and pitied; not without wonder that so beautiful a creature should have been jilted. And from the first he marked his sense of Alfred's conduct by showing her a profound and chivalrous respect, which he did not bestow on other young ladies in his parish; on the contrary, he rather received homage from them than bestowed it. By-and-by he saw Julia suppress if not hide her own sorrow, and go sore-hearted day by day to comfort the poor and afflicted: he admired and almost venerated her for this. He called often on Mrs. Dodd, and was welcome. She concealed her address for the present from all her friends except Dr. Sampson; but Mr. Hurd had discovered her; and ladies do not snub the clergy. Moreover, Mr. Hurd was a gentleman, and inclined to High Church. This she liked. He was very good-looking too, and quiet in his manners. Above all, he seemed to be doing her daughter good; for Julia and Mr. Hurd had one great sentiment in common. When the intimacy had continued some time on these easy terms, Mrs. Dodd saw that Mr. Hurd was falling in love with Julia, and that sort of love warm, but respectful, which soon leads to marriage, especially when the lover is a clergyman. This was more than Mrs. Dodd bargained for; she did not want to part with her daughter, and under other circumstances would have drawn in her horns. But Mr. Hurd's undisguised homage gratified her maternal heart, coming so soon after that great insult to her daughter; and then she said to herself, "At any rate he will help me cure her of 'the Wretch.'" She was not easy in her mind, though; could not tell what would come of it all. So she watched her daughter's pensive face as only mothers watch, and saw a little of the old peach bloom creeping back.

That was irresistible: she let things go their own way, and hoped for the best.

DESTROYING RAILROADS.

One of our artists has shown us, in the picture we publish herewith, how the rebels destroy railroads. The rails are torn from the ties, and fires are lighted and kept going under them until the iron is bent and warped so as to be useless hereafter. When a rail has been subjected to this process, there is nothing to be done with it but to send it to the foundry as "scrap iron."



HOW THE REBELS DESTROY RAILROADS—TWISTING THE RAILS.

RICHMOND FROM THE LIBEY PRISON.

We are indebted to Captain H. E. Wrigley for the view of Richmond from the Libey Prison which we publish herewith. Our poor fellows, shut up in the rebel dungeon, beguile the weary hours by watching and sketching the capital of Jeff Davis's empire, until every steeple and every chimney is as familiar to them as the scenes of their childhood. Let us hope it will not be long before our loyal troops get a better view of the spot, and our cannon command every house in the place.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We publish on page 685 two pictures, from sketches by Mr. A. R. Waud, illustrating the present position of the Army of the Potomac. Mr. Waud writes:

"THE BLUE RIDGE.

"The back-bone of the State—the mountains of Virginia—now loom up in front of the right wing of the army, in a grand panorama of ever-changing beauty. From Stonehouse Mountain, near the tents of General Shaler and his staff, these hills are a grand spectacle. Sweeping up in many peaks, wooded to the tops, the whole range in view extends far below Madison Court House to the south, and northward beyond Front Royal. Right in front is Turkey-hole Mountain, a rugged hill, which rises in front of Thornton's Gap; while to the south is Thoroughfare Mountain, an uneven hill. Southwest Mountain, Clark's Mountain, Cedar Run and Slaughter Mountain, and Pony Mountain, rise, isolated hills, from a wilderness of woods, with apparently few clearings. These woods are mostly of thrifty oak and other hard woods, affording quite a welcome cover to the enemy's scouts and guerrillas.

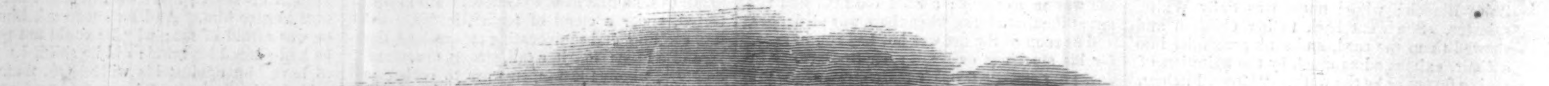
"SOMERVILLE FORD.

"The rebels have now a continuous line of earthworks upon the Rapidan River, in front of our lines. In fact, there are now fortifications along the Rappahannock and Rapidan from Port Royal, twenty miles below Fredericksburg, up almost to the sources of the latter river. Every point available for a crossing is fortified, which makes the already formidable line of the river almost impregnable. The picture of the position at Somerville Ford is a good specimen of the work done by the secessionists to stay the onward progress of this army. Along the crests of the hills are rifle-pits commanding the approaches, and behind these earth-works for guns, in position to command the opposite country. Since firing has stopped on the picket line, the sentries go down to the banks of the river and indulge in a little talk occasionally; also in a little barter, trading coffee for tobacco, and the *Harper's* for the Richmond *Examiner*. At one of these friendly gatherings the rebel pickets wanted to know why we did not follow their example, and fortify to prevent troops crossing.

"Our soldiers could not see why 'they should do that, when all we desired was to have them come over and bring all their friends.'

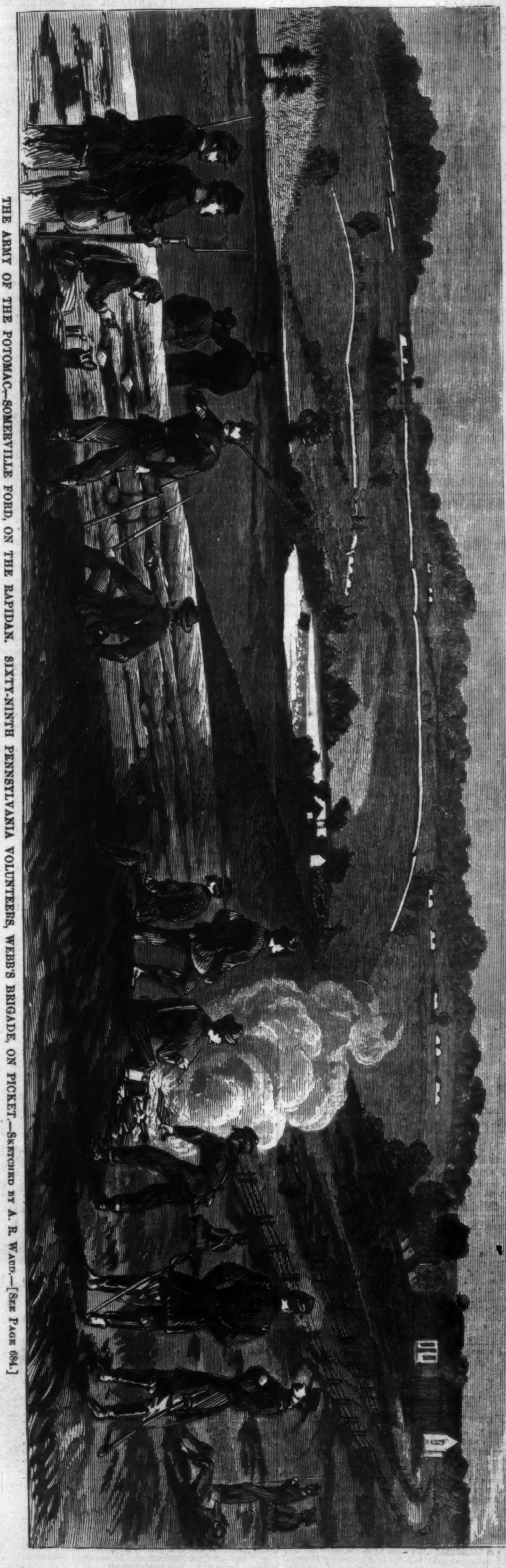
"The rebs acknowledged, however, that they were afraid we should attempt to cross the river, and therefore did all in their power to insure safety."

Since our correspondent wrote matters seem to have changed somewhat. On the night of 9th-10th a large body of rebels moved north from Madison Court House, with what purpose can only be conjectured. On the morning of 10th General Kilpatrick had a lively cavalry skirmish with a body of Stuart's cavalry, and seems, on the whole, to have rather got the worst of it. Whether Lee is moving north with a view to fight the Army of the Potomac in its present reduced position, or whether this movement is merely a feint to cover a retreat, time will show. Lee's army has been greatly reduced of late.

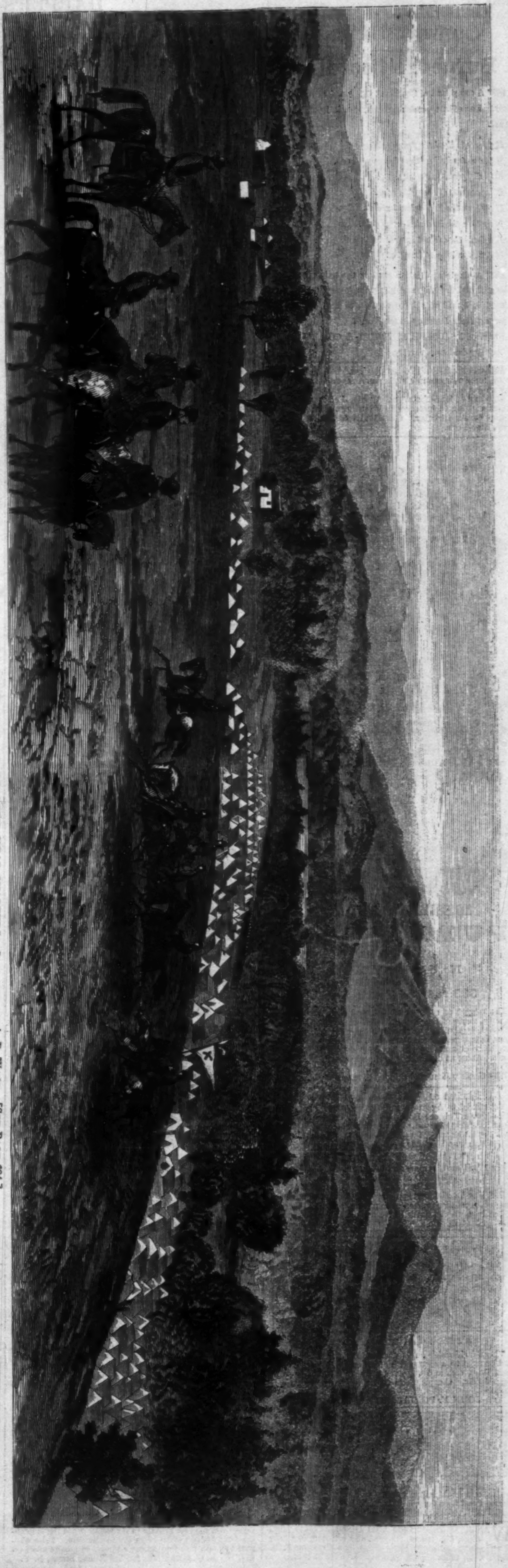


1. Confederate States Capitol.—2. Castle Thunder.—3. Castle Lightning.—4. Gallego Mills.—5. Belle Isle.—6, Long Bridge, Petersburg Railroad.—7. Confederate States Steamer "Torpedo."—8. Gas-works.

VIEW OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, FROM THE LIBEY PRISON.—[From a Sketch by Captain Harry E. Wrigley, Topographical Engineers.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—SOMERVILLE FORD, ON THE RAPIDAN. SIXTY-NINTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS, WEBB'S BRIGADE, ON PICKET.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 684.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THE BLUE RIDGE, FROM GENERAL SHALER'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 684.]

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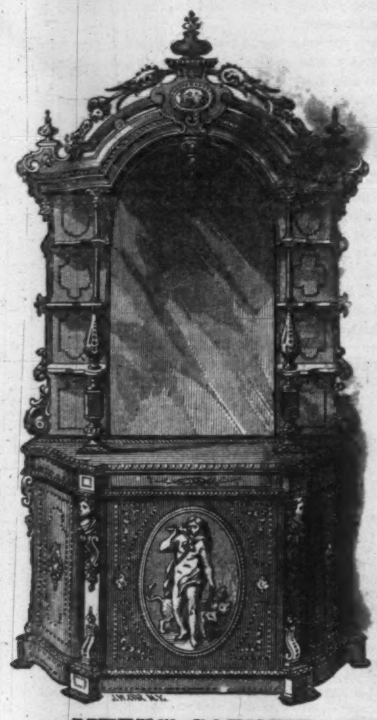

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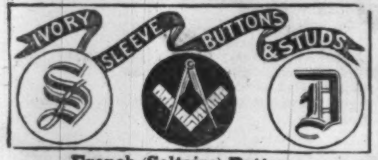

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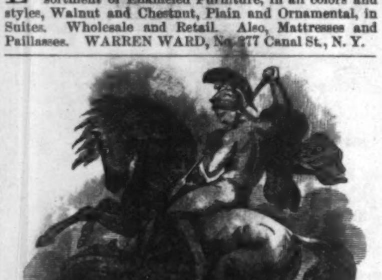

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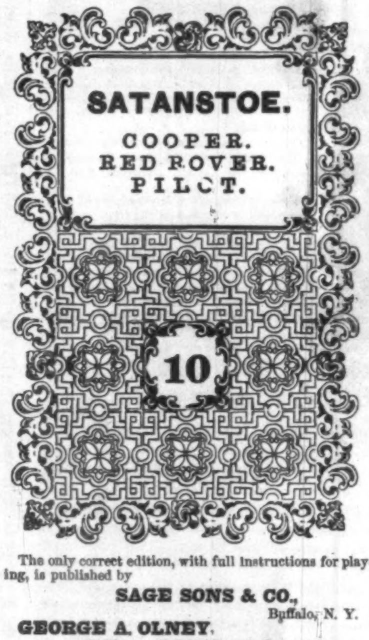

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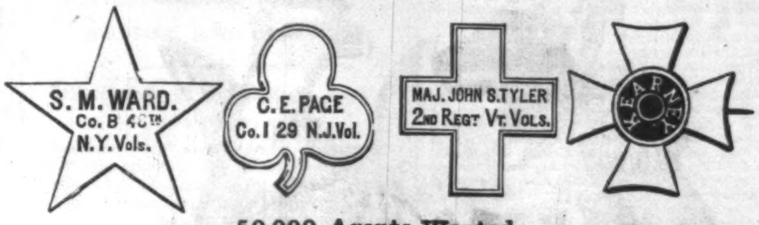
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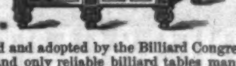

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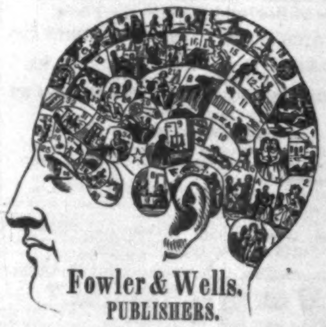

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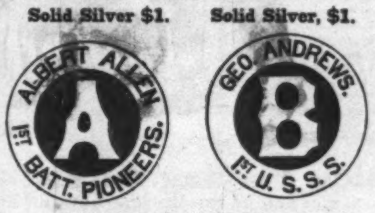
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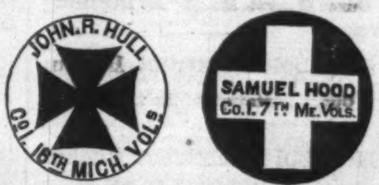
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